

SEASHORE GIRLS=See Page 8

THE NATIONAL

POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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A GOOD BUNT.

ROGER BRESNAHAN, ONE OF THE NEW YORK NATIONALS CRACK PLAYERS, AT PRACTICE.

CHUCK STRIKES A NEW GRAFT

The Bowery Boy Tries Out the Modern Health Foods in a Physical Culture Restaurant.

EATS STUFF THAT LOOKS LIKE HAY

Has a Little Conversation With a Devotee of Uncooked Cereals and He Expresses a Candid Opinion---Its Value as a Filler.

NO. 18.

"Just listen ter me fer er minnit, will yer, cos dere's a lot on me mind dat I'm goin' ter dump right here. I ain't got no kick cumin' ter nobody but myself, an' w'en it cum to er show down I kin see w're de Mayor uv Chinatown didn't even git a run fer his money. 'Dat's me. 'It ain't no case uv forget it dis time, cos I can't.



Photo by Newman: New York.

"An' now," sez I, ter Miss Handsome, "I'm goin' out ter er real joint, an' git sumthin' ter eat wot yer kin chew on. See!"

Dere's sum t'ing er bloke can't git out uv his nut fer long time.

"Wun uv dem is w're a bundle he is stuck on gives him de merry laugh--yer know, de t'row down, de dink-dink.

"De odder is w're he gits up agin a new graft wot looks nice an' easy, but wot cum to er hard ez gittin' er ten-case note out uv Russell Sage.

"Dere's er mug in dis village wot wears his hair long an' is stuck on his shape. He's wun uv dem guys wot's been gittin' all kinds uv cush out uv de fisical culture graft, an' it cum in so fast dat his flippers got sore countin' de coin.

"He ain't satisfied wid gittin' coin dat way, but he t'inks he'll cop sum uv de long green wid de grub racket--start restaurants, are yer on?"

"So he goes out an' hires er few joints an' paints 'em all w're on de outside, hires er lot uv bundles ter wait on de tables, an' er bunch uv good-lookin' dames ter be cashiers an' nail de cash from de blokes w'en dey go out, an' den he's ready.

"But he's got er good nut on him, in wun way, fer pickin' out dem gals ter sit on high stools behin' de desk an' give de mugs er smile w'en dey pay up. Dere's a hell lot uv people wot'll fall fer dat kind uv graft, an' dey'll steer fer er joint wot hez er han'some gal in front just like er sailor heads fer de Bowery ez soon as he gits his liberty an' er six months' pay.

"Dat's wot er cuppie uv red ribbons an' er cuppie uv rows uv ivy will do to er bloke, whether he's er kid gittin' @ler week fer carryin' bundles, er a big mug down in Wall street wot kin put his feet on de desk w'enever he feels like it.

"Well, I sees wun uv dese joints an' I t'inks dat de next time I feel like puttin' er feed bag on dat I'll give

it er try out. I'd been better off if I'd let it go at dat an' stuck ter de Irish turkey--ah, corned beef, ain't yer on?--wot Her Nobs hands out reg'lar.

"Ennyhow, wun fine day in I blows an' cops out er seat at wun uv de tables. Pretty soon a gall in er w're apron cum to er elong an' hands me er bill uv fair.

"I turned it inside out lookin' fer er fisical culture stake, but dere wuzn't enny meat on it, an' it wuzn't Friday, neither.

"Den I pipes off sum uv de blokes wot wuz bizzily feedin' dere faces. Hully gee, dey wuz shovelin' in corn an' stuff wot looked like de sawdust wot cum to uv er doll, an' drinkin' milk. On de level, half uv 'em looked like dey wuz croakin' wid de old con.

"'Ha,' sez I ter de bundle, "ain't yer got nuttin' ter eat in dis joint."

"'Sure,' sez she, "look on de bill uv fair."

"'Dat's fer horses,' sez I. 'Gimme sumthin' wot er bloke like me kin eat. Ain't yer got no chop suey, er no spuds?'

"'Nix,' sez she.

"Well, wot d'yer t'ink uv dat. A feedin' crib widout no spuds. Puttin' in er lunch dere wuz like fightin' er coon in er dark alley at nite--you've got ter shut yer eyes an' take er chance. So I sez to der gal:

"'Ha, sis, I got two bits in me clothes; bring me enny old t'ing.'

"'Two bits?' she sez. 'Wot's dat?'

"'Ah, er quarter,' sez I, an' I flashed me coj so she could see I wuz on de level. So she sets her feet agoin' an' went down de line ter de back w're dey dig up dat funny chuck.

"Dere I sat, like er mug wot had got in de wrong pew an' wuzn't wise ter wot wuz comin' off de next move an' t'inkin' dat everybody wuz pipin' me off. But de most uv 'em wuz too busy puttin' away de dried hay an' mattress stuffin' ter pay much attention ter yours truly. While I wuz waitin' I got a good chance ter look eround, an' I saw er cuppie uv signs which said dat de bloke wot owned de joint wouldn't make good on a guy's lid or ulster if it wuz copped, unless wuz locked up in de safe, or sumthin' like dat, an' after I read dem I wuz glad I kept mine on, an' I wuz wishin' I had er string ter it, den it would be er cinch.

"Well, pretty soon de bundle dat wuz waitin' on me cum back wid er little tray wid erbout five dishes on it, an' each dish had sumthin' on it--but not much. "W're's de knife?" sez I.

"'Wot d'yer want er knife fer?' she sez. "Dere ain't nuttin' ter cut."

"Dat wuz er good wun on me, so I tipped her er wink, grabbed er spoon, an' cut loose.

"Good nite!"

"De first jump out uv de box I got er mout'ful uv stuff dat wuz like oats. I chewed it until I wuz near dead fer er drink, den I give me t'roat er twist--just like de strangle hold--an' got it down.

"'Say,' sez I, ter an old bloke wot sat next ter me, "how long does er mug live after he gets er bale uv dis in his sistem, or does he live ter git ez much ez dat down him?"

"He handed me er tuff look--it couldn't hev been worse if I wuz wun uv dem strong-arm guys wot wuz after his super--yer know, his watch."

If you are at all interested in athletics it will be to your interest to get a copy of the Official Book of Rules. Sent to any address on receipt of seven 2-cent stamps.

"Ain't yer got no mouth on yer?" sez I. "Or do yer only use it fer eatin' hay?"

"Sir," sez he. "Wuz yer addressin' me?"

"No," sez I. "I wuz only speakin' ter yer. I wuz askin' yer about dis funny grub. I ain't used ter it. It's er new graft fer me, an' it kinder hurts me face. Are yer on?"

"It's grate," he sez. "It saved me life, an' I can't speak too much about it. Six months ago I weighed only 108 pounds, an' now I weigh 104."

"Ez much ez dat," sez I. "I suppose in erbout six years more you'll weigh 105."

"Sure," sez he, "an' mebbe I'll be up ter 106."

"Well, old pal," sez I, "why don't yer try my graft. I'll put er feed-bag on yer dat'll make yer look like Jim Jeffries."

"Ah, indeed," he sez. "Yer interest me. An' wot may dat be?"

"A big chunk uv corned beef an' cabbage, t'ree times er day, an' erbout sixteen scutties uv slops at Barney's."

"Say, on de level, I t'ought dere wuz goin' ter be er riot, an' I wuz t'inkin' I'd hev ter fite me way ter der door, w'en de old t'rush got w'ite around de gills. I t'ought he wuz goin' ter drop dead w're he sat, but he hopped ter his pins like er cricket, an' made er lam fer de front door."

"I could hear de bell ringin' fer de last round, an' I made er quick finish uv de stuff on de plates, collared de check an' waltzes up ter Miss Handsome, wid er pompydor ez big ez er sofa pillow, sittin' on de high stool.

"Here's yer two bits," sez I, layin' down me coin wid er pain in me heart, fer it wuz like chuckin' it erway."

"Tanks," sez she, ez she nailed it wid her t'umb an' first finger.

"No tanks erbout it," sez I, "but I want ter put yer wize ter sumthin'. Do yer know wot I'm goin' ter do now?"

"No," sez she.

"Well, I'm goin' out ter er joint w're dey has real grub, an' git sumthin' proper ter eat. See?"

"Is it ez bad ez dat?" sez she, wid er smile dat would take de buttons off yer vest."

"Worse," sez I. "So long."

*me, chuck connors
dots all*

Don't Miss Next Week's Story--It's real.

KELLY PUTS HIS MAN AWAY.

At Fort Lee, on July 4, Jimmy Kelly, the New York lightweight, knocked out Kelly Lee, of College Point, in the eighth round of their ten-round bout. Kid Curley knocked out Kid Sullivan in the preliminary.

NEW WORLD'S RECORD WITH SHOT

W. W. Coe, Jr., who has been a student at Yale the past year, put the 16-pound shot 48 feet 7 inches in the City of Somerville games at Boston, Mass., July 4. This beats the previous world's record made by Rose, the University of Michigan athlete, by one inch.

BRIGGS AND GOODWIN DRAW.

More than 6,000 persons saw Jimmy Briggs and Chester Goodwin box eight rounds to a draw, at Adams, Mass., July 4. The bout was remarkably fast, both men being on their mettle and exhibiting much science. The bout was held in Forest Park and was the feature of the annual field day of the Berkshire County Foresters of America.

THE REFEREE WAS "ON."

Referee George Campbell declared the fight at Bay City, Mich., July 4, between Young Kid McCoy, of St. Louis, and Jack McClelland, of Pittsburg, "no contest" at the end of the tenth round. The men met at 122 pounds, but there were but one hundred people in the house when the time arrived for the bout, and the men declined to take chances, sparring lightly through the allotted ten rounds.

A SHUT DOWN IN CHICAGO.

No more boxing in Chicago until fall. That is the prospect presented to Western fight fans. A movement is on foot by different fight clubs to suspend operations during the summer months. It is said that the authorities are favorable to the move and that the recent troubles among fight promoters have hastened the decision.

Managers of the Waverly and the American Athletic Club met and agreed to hold no more shows until fall, provided the rest could be persuaded to adopt a similar programme. It is figured that boxing is unable to hold its own against outdoor sports, and that a rest for the pugilists would do the game good.

WALSH TALKS ABOUT LONDON.

Jimmy Walsh, the New England bantamweight champion, arrived in Boston recently from London, where he has spent the last three months. Walsh fought Digger Stanley, the English bantamweight champion, twice, and has this to say about the English fight lovers:

"The boxing game in Great Britain is run by the gambling interests, and they are eager to bleed a few suckers from America in the fighting line the coming

winter. They will back all their respective champions there for any amount, though they are ready at all times to acknowledge the inferiority of their boxers in comparison to the American. They feel that they have a mortgage on the decision before the contest begins, and I am inclined to believe they are right."

DIXIE KID AN EASY WINNER.

John Dancer met his Waterloo recently when he faced the Dixie Kid at Newport, O., in four rounds. Dancer delivered but a few hard punches and appeared to be afraid to mix it with the Kid. In the fourth round, after seeing Dancer out, the Kid ripped over a terrific right-hand jolt which caught Dancer on the jaw and sent him to dreamland.

A PUNCH ENOUGH FOR WHISTLER.

"Young Billy" Whistler, an aspirant for fistic honors in East Baltimore, went up against Benny Franklin for a six-round sparring contest at the Nonpareil A. C., Baltimore, Md., July 4, but failed to stay the limit of a single round. Franklin put it all over him, and after two minutes he landed a hot punch under Whistler's chin which put the Canton boy out of business. It was some minutes before Whistler came to.

On top all the time. Richard K. Fox's Sporting Publications. The latest is The Official Book of Rules of all Sports. Send seven 2-cent stamps for it.

THE SPONGE FOR SWEENEY.

Patsey Sweeney's seconds threw up the sponge in the fourth round of what was to be a fifteen-round fight with Jimmy Gardiner, of Lowell, at the Coliseum, Manchester, N. H., July 4. Gardiner gave Sweeney one of the worst drubbings he has ever had. He was so groggy in the fourth that he could not possibly have lasted another round.

There were two preliminaries, between Kid Sheehan and Kid St. Cyr, and Peter Sweeney and Bud Shea. The first was declared a draw after four rounds, and the second resulted in Shea being knocked out in the third round.

A CHALLENGE HOCKEY TEAM.

[WITH PHOTO.]

The Portage Lake Hockey Team of Houghton, Mich., world's champions for 1904, have a great record which is almost a series of unbroken victories. C. E. Webb is the manager, and J. L. Gibson the captain. The mem-



KID FRIEDMAN.

I hereby Challenge any 105-pound Wrestler in the World to Meet Me for the Championship. I claim the Title for the State of Maryland. Address, Joe (Kid) Friedman, Baltimore, Md.

bers of the team are: N. F. Westcott, sub.; James Dugan, trainer; J. R. Dee, president; J. Linder, sub.; Bertram C. Morrison, rover; W. C. Shields, wing; J. L. Gibson, point; W. H. Stuart, cover point; C. Bruce Stuart, centre; C. Ernest Westcott, left wing, and William Hern, goal. Their challenge will be found in another column.

Everybody is interested in baseball and anybody can make money by selling "The Science of Baseball," illustrated, 10 cents. Address Agents Department, this office.

*Photo by Chickering: Boston.*

BESSIE CHAPMAN, AN UP-TO-DATE MILITARY GIRL.

*Photo by Chickering: Boston.*

LENORA CARLISLE, WHO DRINKS REAL WINE.

*Photo by Chickering: Boston.*

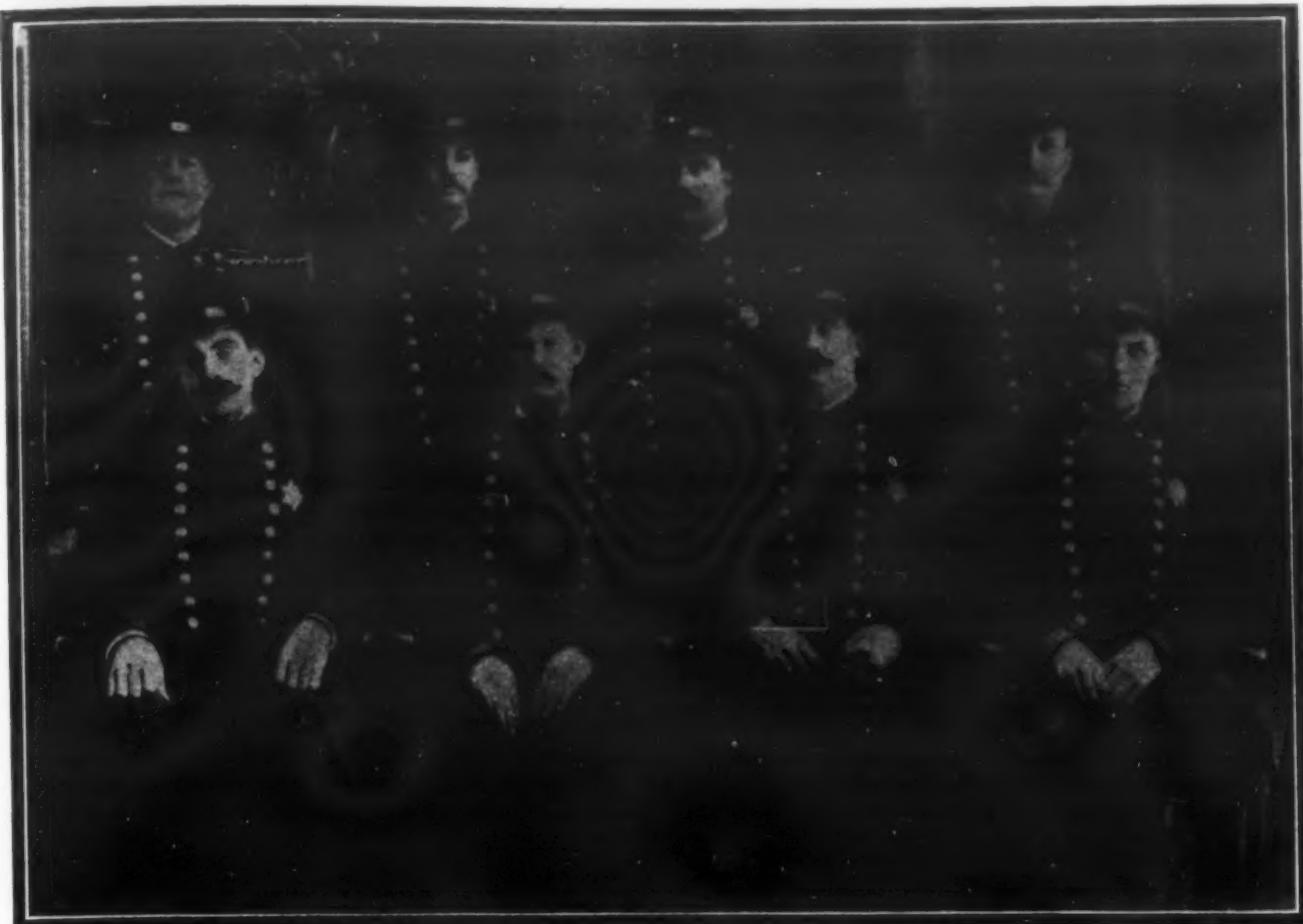
DAINTY MAY FISKE, AS THE BEAUTIFUL HUNTRESS.



IVY ROSE--SHE HAS TALENT AND A BRIGHT FUTURE.

THEY DIM THE FOOTLIGHTS.

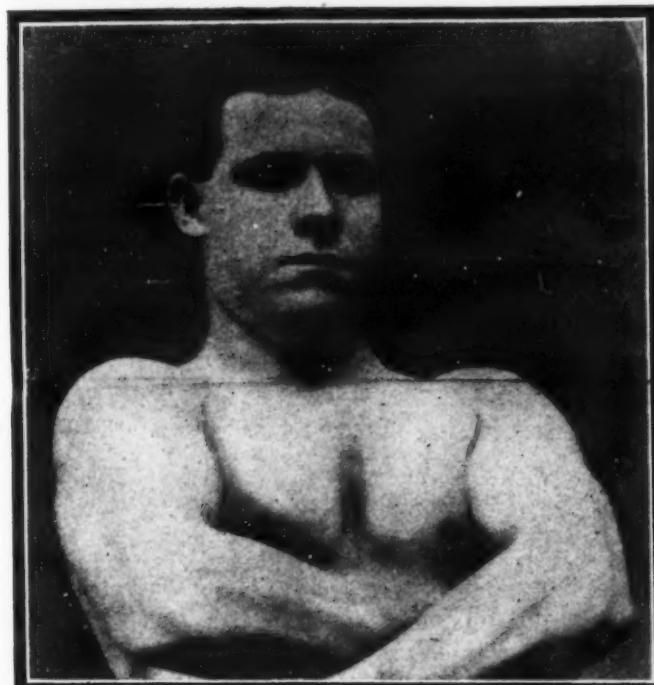
PRETTY, POPULAR AND TALENTED YOUNG WOMEN WHO CAN ALWAYS ENTERTAIN.



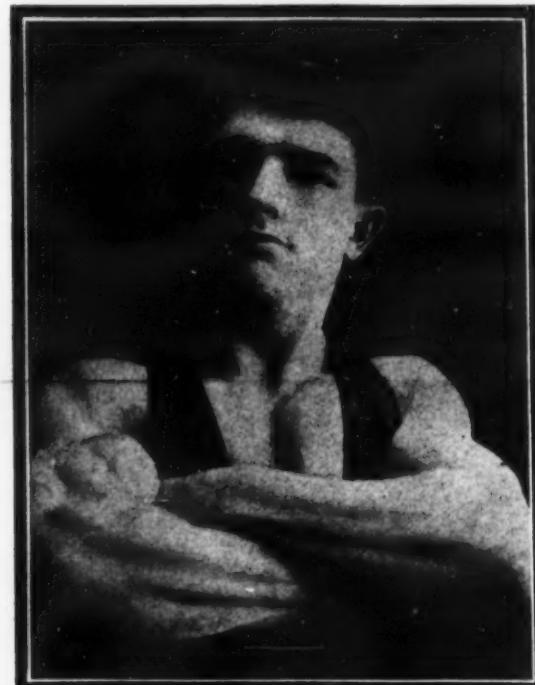
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HARRY WALLER.
KNOWN AS HERCULES AT HIS
HOME IN BERRYVILLE, VA.



PADDY NEE.
A PITTSBURG, PA., BOXER WHO IS MANAGED
BY MATTY FITZPATRICK.



RAYMOND E. FISH.
POPULAR MEMBER OF THE 73RD
COMPANY, FORT MONROE, VA.



AMBITIOUS BALL TOSERS.
THE BLESSINGER JRS., WHO WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM TEAMS IN GREATER NEW
YORK, BETWEEN THE AGES OF FIFTEEN AND SEVENTEEN YEARS.

WHEN CRIBB AND MOLINEAUX FOUGHT

A Husky Virginia Negro Heavyweight Who Had Two Trys at the English Championship.

HE TOOK TWO GOOD BEATINGS.

A Complete Story of the Fight by Rounds of the Second Battle Illustrated With a Handsome Full-Page Supplement.

Tom Cribb, who was the champion of England from 1805 to 1820, fought Molineaux, the athletic American negro, who went to England from Virginia, two battles. The announcement of the first battle created a decided sensation in English sporting circles, not only among the sporting class, but among those who had hitherto paid little attention to the game, and betting was particularly heavy, with Cribb the favorite.

The first meeting was on Dec. 18, 1810, at Cophall Common, near East Grinstead, Sussex. Cribb was declared the winner in the thirty-third round, after fifty-five minutes of fighting. In this contest Cribb was in so bad a way at the expiration of the twenty-eighth round that his seconds had to manoeuvre for time in order to give him a chance to recover.

Molineaux immediately issued a challenge for a second meeting, as he claimed the rainy weather—it stormed during the contest—had been unfavorable to him. A match was accordingly made, for £300 a side, and the men met on Sept. 28, 1811, at Thistleton Gap.

This attracted national attention, and it is said that "for twenty miles around the Gap not a bed was to be obtained for love or money the previous night." On the day of the meeting there were at least 20,000 persons present. Cribb had been trained by Capt. Barclay down to thirteen stone six pounds, and was in fine condition. Gully was his second, and Joe Ward, bottleholder; while Bill Richmond and Bill Gibbons officiated for the black. Time was called at eighteen minutes past 12 o'clock, with the betting 3 to 1 on the champion, and 6 to 4 in his favor for the first knockdown.

The following graphic account of the battle by rounds and remarks is taken from "Pugilistica," by Henry Downes Miles.

Round 1—Sparring for about a minute, when Cribb made play right and left. The right-handed blow told slightly in the body of Molineaux, who returned slightly on the head; a rally now ensued, they exchanged their blows, when Molineaux fell from a dexterous hit in the throat; the blows, however, throughout this round were not at a distance to do very great execution. The betting remained unaltered.

Round 2—Cribb showed first blood at the mouth at setting-to. A dreadful rally commenced. Cribb put in a good body hit with the right hand, which Molineaux returned on the head with the left flush; both combatants now fought at half-arm, and exchanged some half dozen hits with great force. They then closed, and after a severe trial of strength Molineaux threw his opponent. Odds 6 to 4 on Cribb.

Round 3—In the last rally Cribb's right eye was nearly closed, and now another equally sanguinary followed. After sparring for wind, in which essential Molineaux was evidently deficient, Cribb put in a dreadful "doubler" on the body of his opponent, who, although hit away, kept his legs and renewed the rally with such ferocity, that the backers of the odds looked blue. The rally lasted a minute and a half, when the combatants closed, and Molineaux again threw Cribb with astonishing force. Odds fell, but Cribb's tried game still kept him the favorite.

Round 4—In the rally Cribb had hit right and left at the body and head, but Molineaux fought at the head only. He was so successful with the left hand, that he planted many flush hits. Both Cribb's eyes were now damaged, his face dreadfully disfigured, and he bled profusely. Molineaux evidently was in great distress, his chest and sides heaving fearfully. Cribb smiled at such a favorable omen, and renewed the rally with a heroism, perhaps, never excelled, and in point of judgment most adroitly timed. Hits in abundance were exchanged, Cribb still fighting at the "mark," and Molineaux at the head; at length Cribb fell, evincing great exhaustion. Odds, however, were now 7 to 4 in his favor.

Round 5—Molineaux accepted the rally, and the execution on both sides was truly terrific. Molineaux had the best of the exchanges, and Cribb fell from a blow and in falling received another. This excited some murmurs and applause from the partisans of the contending heroes, and on reference to the umpires was decided "fair," Cribb's hands being at liberty, and not yet having touched the floor.

that in the first combat Cribb was full of flesh and by no means in prime condition; and again, that in this battle, although Molineaux had acquired an increased degree of science, he had by his own conduct impaired his stamina. Although it has been acknowledged that applause was mutually given, and that Molineaux in every point had fair play shown him, it cannot but be granted that the exulting clamor of congratulation, proceeding from the champion's friends, when even the slightest advantage seemed to favor him, must have tended to hurt the feelings of the man of color, and very probably to have cowed him. It should have been considered that Molineaux was a stranger; that he stood indisputably a man of courage; that he came to the contest unprotected and unsupported by friends of note; while his opponent commanded the patronage of the leading men as well as the natural partiality of his countrymen in his favor. Much has been said of Molineaux's savage denunciations against Cribb; of his vaporizing professions of what he should like to do to him; and these were thought sufficiently disgusting to have excited animosity against him. But granting that Molineaux was brutish enough to make use of many of the barbarous expressions imputed to him, we certainly ought to take into consideration the circumstances under which they were uttered. The black could not but be sensible that Cribb was better supported by his many surrounding friends than himself. He knew and felt that Cribb was under the care of the first trainer in the country, while he was left to the government of Tom Belcher and Richmond, who made him an instrument of getting money, by carrying him round the country to exhibit sparring, and to keep him in good temper and pliable to their wishes, allowing him to drink stout and ale by gallons. It is said that on the morning of the fight, he bolted a boiled fowl, an apple pie and a tankard of porter for his breakfast. When all these circumstances are considered, by an unprejudiced mind, it cannot be denied, that whatever national pride we may justly feel in our champion's triumph, and admiration in his pluck and manly prowess, we cannot but admit that the man of

Here many fashionably gowned women of Butte's elite come in parties or in pairs with escorts, to quietly venture silver or gold pieces coined from copper by their husbands, who busy themselves in Butte's continuous political war.

Women of the business world keep track of the game, and both dealer and player usually maintain a rigid silence. Money is passed out for chips with the simple word, "five" or "ten," and conversation is economized to a minimum.

And there are schemes to inveigle the unsuspecting that only the initiated understand. Many women of the middle classes are among the most regular patrons of the place.

A walter girl was recently observed playing her week's wage with phenomenal luck. With \$15 she had won \$60, and had cashed in her chips with charming coolness, prepared to go home "winner." The dealer paid her without comment. He counted out the money—two twenty-dollar bills, one ten, one five, four dollars in silver, two half-dollars. She picked up the money, put the bills in her purse, and laid a half-dollar on the ace. It lost. She laid down a dollar. It won. Another few minutes and she had lost the silver.

Reluctantly she drew out a five-dollar note and began to play again. In a few deals she was playing heavily again. In half an hour she was broke. It was a simple trick which has won the bank many millions of dollars after the player cashed in—the manner of payment. One is reluctant to break a bill, but silver is convenient to lay down on a card, and most gamblers will do it. Before they know it they are again drawn into the game. They sometimes win, it is true, for the games are on the square, but one cannot win always, and the chance on a second round is in favor of the "tiger."

JABBER CAREY'S LAY DOWN.

Jabber Tom Carey quit dead cold in his bout with Jack Williams at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, on July 7. The sudden ending came in the second round after Williams had landed a rather stiff hook to the point of the jaw. Carey dropped like a shot and rolled over and Referee Lew Bailey counted him out. It was a palpable quolt on the part of Carey, as there had not been a half dozen hard blows landed previous to the sudden termination.

Carey did not display any of his jabbing abilities, being content to cover and counter when he could. Williams seemed to have him at his mercy, and while it looked as though the bout would not go the limit, expressions of surprise crossed the faces of the spectators, who looked on Carey as a wonder.

WAS AS GOOD AS A QUIT.

The fight that was scheduled to take place at St. Louis on July 7 between Harry Forbes, of Chicago, and Gus Bezenah, of Cincinnati, did not take place because Forbes positively refused to go on, declaring that the receipts, as ascertained by Manager Haughton, did not come up to expectations. The men were to fight on a percentage basis. The action of Forbes was severely condemned by the

members of the club and when the little Chicagoan announced from the ringside that he would not don the mitts pandemonium reigned. The spectators overturned chairs and tables in their anger and anxiety to crowd about the ringside.

A special police call was turned in and between rushes of the crowd fighting for their money and the police several fights resulted. The impression prevails in fight circles there that Forbes was unfit to put up a good battle and used the excuse of a poor house to save him from defeat.

PROF. ATTILA.

[WITH PHOTO.]

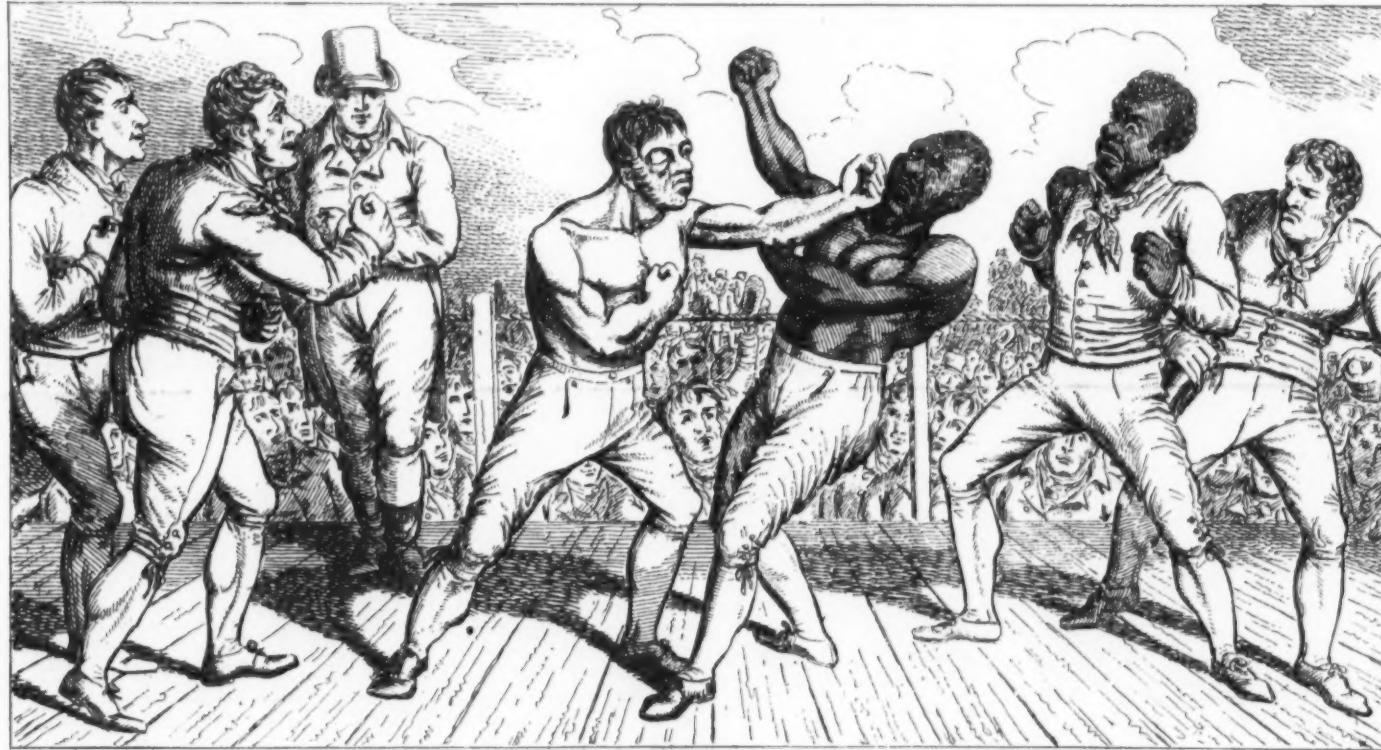
Prof. Attila, whose series of physical culture lessons in the POLICE GAZETTE have attracted widespread attention and who is still one of the most valuable contributors to this paper, has opened a branch school for the summer at Asbury Park, N. J. His New York studio will, as usual, remain open.

WON'T FIGHT UNTIL SEPTEMBER

Terry McGovern will not fight again until the latter part of September. Terry doesn't care to fight during the warm weather, and, as he says, people are not anxious to see a mill while the thermometer hovers near the hundred mark.

In September McGovern will fight Eddie Hanlon, the California featherweight, providing, of course, Hanlon is successful in beating "Battling" Nelson in San Francisco on July 28. Should Hanlon lose to Nelson, then McGovern will consent to fight Young Corbett for six rounds either in Chicago, Philadelphia, or Baltimore, the club that offers the largest purse in those cities to get the fight.

If you have a tongue you can talk—if you can talk you can sell the books of Fox's Athletic Library. Write now to Agents Department, this office.



CRIBB LANDING A STRAIGHT LEFT.

The Punch that Molineaux ran into in the Ninth Round, which Broke His Jaw and Felled Him Like a Log, and which Practically Ended the Battle so far as He was Concerned.—REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL ENGRAVING.

forlorn hope, but his distance was ill-judged. Cribb once again nobbed him, and getting his head (his own trick by the bye) under his left arm, fibbed him until he fell.

Round 9—Lombard street to a China orange. Molineaux was dead beat, and only stood up to encounter Cribb's ponderous blows. He ran in, Cribb met him with his left hand; the blow was tremendous, being doubled in force by the black's impetuous rush, Molineaux's jaw was fractured, and he fell like a log. He did not come to time within the half minute, but Cribb, wishing to show his superiority, gave way this chance, dashing a hornpipe about the stage, until—

Round 10—With great difficulty Molineaux got off his second's knee, only for fresh punishment. His rush was desperate, but equally unsuccessful, and he fell evidently from distress.

Round 11—Here ended the contest. Cribb gave away another chance in the time. Molineaux's senses, however, were absolutely hit out of him; he was perfectly unable to stand, and a Scotch reel by Gully and Cribb announced the victory, while the very welkin echoed with applause.

REMARKS—This battle, which lasted only nineteen minutes ten seconds, left no doubt as to the superiority of Cribb. The science of Molineaux at the opening of the fight was quite equal to that of the champion, but the condition of Cribb was far better, his temper more under restraint, and although there was no question of Molineaux's courage, which almost amounted to ferocity, Cribb was his superior in steadiness and self-possession. During the battle the spectators gave applause to both combatants, and many were surprised that Molineaux should have found himself necessitated to relinquish the palm in so short a time, when he so obstinately contested with the same opponent thrice the duration so recently. It is to be considered,

When purchasing everybody wants the best, and if you buy McGraw's Baseball Book you surely get it. Send Seven 2-cent Stamps for it at once.

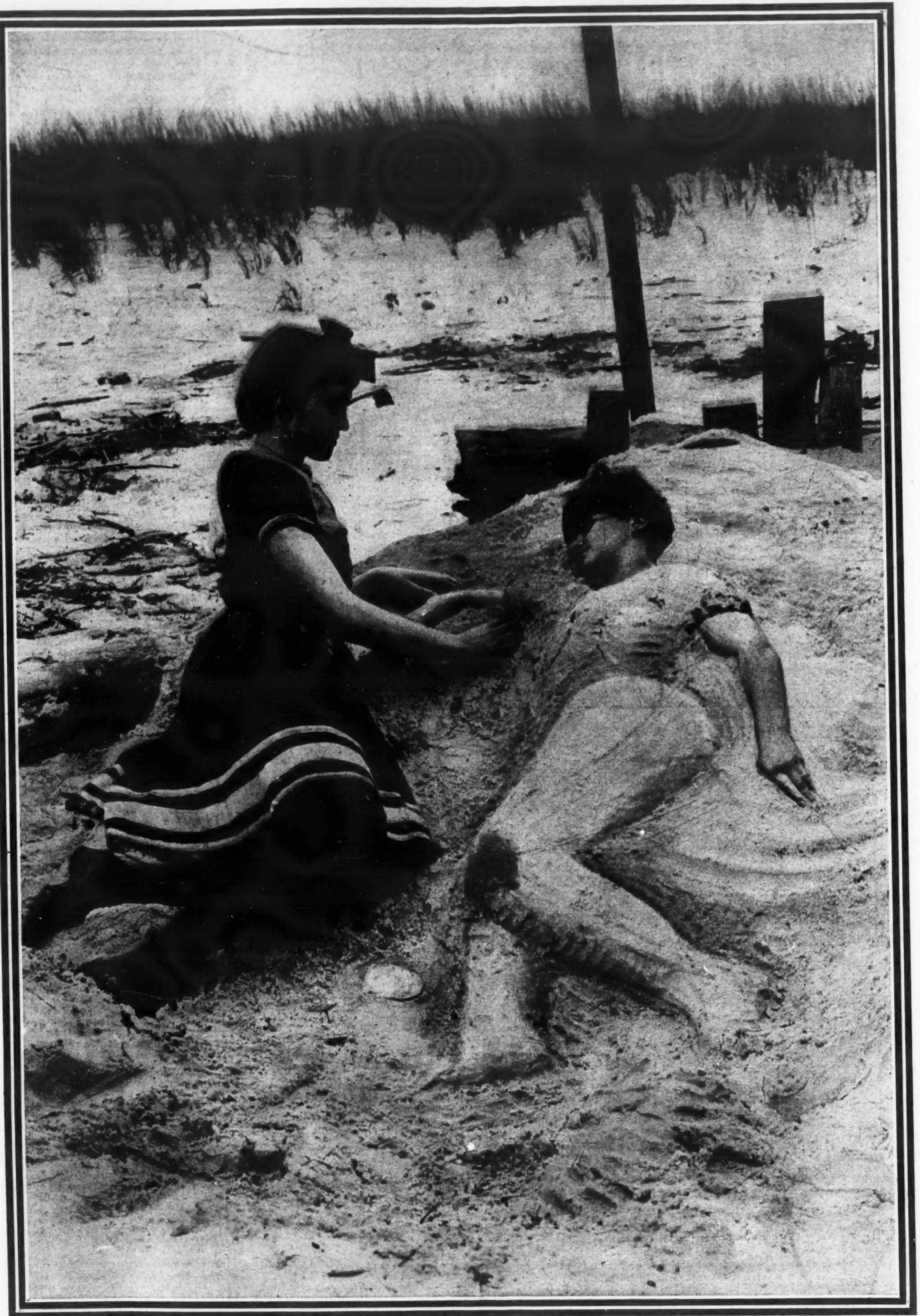
color was a formidable antagonist, and one who, but for his own imprudence, might have won fame and fortune in the pugilistic arena.

THE MIDLAND BRIDGE CO.,
Freycamp & Trocon, Prop's.
CORDOBA, Mexico, June 28, 1904.
Prof. Louis Attila—Dear Sir: Since March, 1903, when the POLICE GAZETTE started the publication of your lessons in physical culture, I have been practicing every day the dumb-bell exercises with admirable results, and as my physical conditions have been greatly improved by them I am very much interested in your methods. I consider that the GAZETTE is furnishing to its readers better physical culture lessons than any other paper, which is not to be wondered at, as its well-known proprietor, Mr. Richard K. Fox, never does things by halves.

Very respectfully,
E. C. MORRIS.

WHERE WOMEN CHASE DAME FORTUNE.

In Butte, Mont., there is a gambling house where the patronage of ladies is the special feature of the management, and where all kinds of women play the good old game of faro, perfectly at home and without fear of interruption. The house is luxuriously furnished. Carpets are laid on the floor, softened lights shine over the players, courteous attendants deal and shuffle the cards and pay bets or take winnings without the slightest suggestion of the incongruity of the situation.



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ON THE JERSEY SANDS.

A LITTLE SAND MODELLING IN WHICH THE HUMAN FORM DIVINE, WITH UNSKILLED HANDS, IS MADE TO ASSUME ELEPHANTINE PROPORTIONS.



A GOOD MAN AT THE BAG.

W. W. LAKE, OF BAKER CITY, OREGON, THE NORTHWESTERN EXPERT BOXER AND BAG PUNCHER, IN A BUSY CORNER OF HIS PICTURESQUE GYMNASIUM.



THE DIXIE KID AND JOE WALCOTT.

JUST BEFORE THEIR GREAT FIGHT IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., AT THE CONCLUSION OF WHICH BILLY MCCLAIN'S KID GOT THE DECISION OVER THE BLACK DEMON.

FITZ AND O'BRIEN NOT —THREATS TO DO SO MADE POLICE INTERFERE— ALLOWED TO KNOCKOUT

Might Have Had a Prizefight if They Had Been Less Belligerent in Their Public Statements.

JEFF ON CRUTCHES BUT HOPES TO BE ABLE TO FIGHT

Another one of John Scholes' Sons Distinguishes Himself—Young Peter Jackson Wants an English Title—Frankie Neil's Next Opponent.

Every time the authorities have felt impelled to interfere with the holding of a heavyweight boxing contest the cause has been directly attributed to the fighters themselves aided by the promoters. It happened again in Philadelphia the other night when Mayor Weaver issued a peremptory order to arrest Bob Fitzsimmons and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien if they entered the ring. It is needless to say that the fighters failed to put in an appearance and thousands of persons who had anticipated a lively six-round scrap were disappointed. While the promoters of the show were redeeming the tickets sold for this show a huge auditorium situated on one of the most conspicuous thoroughfares in the same city was the scene of as lively a ring battle as one would care to witness. It was attended by a thousand people more or less and the affair was terminated under the watchful eye of the blue-coated guardians of the peace who had not been instructed to interfere.

Why?

Because in one instance the belligerents were heavyweights who had gained world-wide prominence as prizefighters and felt obligated to uphold their fame by telling the public what they intended doing to each other, while the others were comparatively obscure members of theistic fraternity whose attractive qualities consisted of an ability to do more fighting than talking.

The club under whose auspices Fitz and O'Brien were "carded" to fight insisted that the two big bruisers would keep within the law and that the affair would not be illegal from any aspect. Yet in contradiction of this view the two fighters are permitted to make public statements like the following:

"When I go into the ring, said Fitzsimmons, it will be with the intention of whipping O'Brien as quickly as I can. It will be a fast fight from the first clang of the gong until I put O'Brien away, and the end will come sooner than most people expect. If he is counting on going the limit with me he'll wake up to find himself mistaken. I'm going right after him. Some people are foolish enough to say that I'll never land on him, that he is too fast and tricky, but I'll show them. I'll find O'Brien and find him often because I've trained for a fast fight.

"I've worked hard to get into condition, and can say truthfully that I never was in better shape in my life. I look on this battle as one of the easiest of my long career, and certainly the surest. I've still got the punch, as O'Brien will learn when he runs afoul of it. I don't know what round the end will come in, but it won't be the sixth. I'll win, and by a knockout."

Not to be outdone by his distinguished opponent, Mr. O'Brien has to express his opinion of how the fight is going to terminate and says, after training for three weeks, he is fit for a bruising setto, full of speed and endurance and as hard as nails.

"O'Brien," says the press agent of the club, "has no idea Fitz can make him quit, and believes that he will give the lanky Australian punch for punch. O'Brien is chain lightning on his feet and is confident he will be able to sidestep any dangerous wallop Fitz might hand out. To O'Brien's way of thinking he has a chance, and a good chance, either to knock Fitz out or to stand him off the limit of the bout."

After reading such things Mayor Weaver would have been insane to suppose that anything else but a fight was contemplated, and believing so he stopped it. Who was to blame?

Jim Jeffries, world's champion, hobbling on crutches is a pitiful spectacle which the people of Los Angeles are called upon to behold. For the ten days previous to leaving his training quarters at Oakland, so Billy Delaney, his trainer, writes me, he was unable to leave his bed. Ten days without putting on his clothes have been a severe test for the big fellow, but finally he decided to visit his old home in Los Angeles. Even Delaney was not aware of the champion's intention to leave until he hobbled out on his "sticks."

That bad knee has been an expensive experience for the champion in more ways than one. From a financial standpoint it will cost him easily \$15,000. On account of the injury he has been unable to meet the appointment for an exhibition at the World's Fair, where he was to have entertained the great throng for at least four months. Then there has been the postponement of his fight with Munroe, and there is still the possibility of the big mill falling through altogether. Besides all this, there is the great expense for medical aid and care.

"The whole business will cost me over \$10,000," said Jeff. "Yes, it will be more like \$15,000, and then there is the possibility of the fight falling through."

The fact that forfeits have this time been posted gives a more business-like aspect to the forthcoming battle between Jeffries and Munroe in August. The putting up of guarantees did more to convince the critics that the men mean business than anything else. When it was recently pointed out that no money was up the report was ridiculed, as every one thought that such an important item could not be overlooked in a match of this kind.

Formerly fighters of repute had only to give their word that they would be on hand and no forfeits were demanded. But with the recurrence of several disappointments through non-appearance the money was

to the large amount of Jeffries' money which will be offered on his chances.

I'll bet there wasn't a happier man in all the world the other day than old John Scholes, of Toronto, when his boy, Lou, won the "Diamonds" at Henley, beating F. S. Kelly, the champion, and all the best amateur scullers in England in time which eclipsed by six seconds all previous records over the course. Old John Scholes was himself a noted oarsman in his day, and more than once won the amateur boxing championship of Canada. He was a trial horse for nearly all big men who aspired to professionalistic honor and could beat many of those who afterwards won fame and money in the ring. He refused to become a professional, however, and found an outlet for his sporting enthusiasm in educating his boys to be good boxers and oarsmen. The fact that they have all distinguished themselves by winning championships is a tribute to "Old John's" abilities as an instructor.

Louis, who won the "Diamonds" at Henley, proved himself to be the best American amateur who ever sat in a scull boat. He is the third sculler from this side of the water to win the coveted trophy, E. H. Ten Eyck being the winner in 1896 and R. Hunting Howell, of Albany in 1898. But Scholes' victory is much more meritorious than either of these, for not only did he break the record, but incidentally he defeated F. S. Kelly, of Oxford and Australia, in the semi-final heat, regarded as the most powerful amateur sculler ever seen in England. Kelly won the "Diamonds" last year and the year previous.

Following in the footsteps of his parent, it was as a scrapper that the "Diamond" winner was first introduced to public notice. He won the heavyweight amateur championship of the Dominion and meantime was doing a little in the sculling line.

In 1902 he annexed the amateur sculling championship of Canada and showed such form that his entry was immediately forwarded to Henley. On his way abroad Scholes appeared in the Memorial Day regatta of the Harlem Regatta Association, and the race between himself and Titus was one of the best events ever seen on the river.

Scholes won, but was beaten in the preliminary heat for the "Diamonds" at Henley, by Titus, to the surprise of the rowing fraternity. Titus was afterward defeated sixteen lengths by Kelly in one of the heats. Scholes did not participate much in racing last year, but went to Worcester and won the N. A. A. O. championship. This year he was reported to be twenty seconds faster for a mile before leaving for England, and the rumor proved true enough, according to his work at Henley.

Undaunted by the experience of others, Young Peter Jackson, the new welterweight champion of the world, expects to add to his reputation when he reaches England. It will be remembered that Jackson knocked out Joe Walcott in four rounds recently and won the welterweight championship. Jackson has been contemplating a trip to England for a long while, but his one desire was to meet Joe Walcott before he left, as he felt confident he could win the welterweight championship if given the opportunity, and he made his boast good.

Jackson has been under the management of Al Herford for the past three years, and during that time has lost only two decisions, one to Joe Walcott in their first twenty-round bout and the other to Al Neff, after twenty rounds of fast boxing in San Francisco. Although the referee gave this bout to Neff, many of the spectators thought Jackson should have been awarded the decision. Jackson was hardly known when he went with Herford, and Herford brought him to the front and made him a champion, the same as he did with Joe Gans, who now holds the lightweight championship. It is more than likely that Herford will join Jackson in London, as he is now trying to arrange a match between Joe Gans and Jabez White. Jackson may be matched to meet Jack Palmer, the English middleweight champion, before the National Sporting Club. He also has several other matches in view.

On account of his color Young Peter may fare better in England than many of his white countrymen.

Looking for an opponent for Frankie Neil, the bantam champion, is now engrossing the attentions of the managers and matchmakers. When Neil whipped Harry Forbes at Chicago the other night, he demonstrated that he was in a class by himself. He did the trick neatly and decisively, and those who saw him do so left the clubhouse convinced that California has at last produced a bantam worthy of any one's steel. In the East there are only three bantams who look to have any kind of a chance with Neil. They are Tommy Love, Hughey McGovern and Tommy Murphy of Harlem. All three have challenged Neil. McGovern has been foremost in this respect and it looks as if he will get first chance. Tommy Love, of Philadelphia, who is now managed by Sam Fitzpatrick, figures next, because he is the only one of the trio who can reduce to 116 pounds, the bantam limit. Murphy and McGovern contend that they can get to this scale, too, but it is a question whether they will be strong at the weight. Neil will soon arrive in the East. He has planned to stop over at Philadelphia for a while, and if any of the ambitious trio mean business Neil, no doubt, will entertain a limited round match in that city.

And now it is Jimmy Britt and Young Corbett who are engaged in a conversational battle over their forthcoming fight, and should Corbett make good his determination to fight Terry McGovern or some other pugilist before he meets Britt, the latter will refuse to fight him for a long time to come. Britt, who is in St. Louis, is much vexed over the cancellation of his contest with Corbett by the latter, and has this to say:

"Corbett will have to wait a mighty long time before I sign articles with him again. After I whipped him fairly and squarely at San Francisco he made a holler that he was robbed and so forth. I concluded to give him a return match. Instead of appreciating it, he deliberately turns around and calls things off. I'll admit that December is too long a time to wait, but I was ready to face him before that if we could find a suitable place. San Francisco seems to be the best spot for me, and December is the best month, because at that time the racing season would be in sway and we could draw plenty of money.

"Corbett can't bulldoze me, and I'll give him a lesson by making him wait until he grows weary."

Where is Arthur Cripps, the Australian middleweight champion? A word from him to the undersigned might result in the exchange of some interesting correspondence.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

MAN BEHIND THE MASK

Catcher Jack Warner Has Judgment of a High Order.

The man behind! The man behind! He's the most important guy the cap. can find!

* It's the man behind the bat, Who makes the percent fat,

So always try to help the man behind!

The Giants are in the lead in the National League race and if they don't actually get the pennant they will doubtless come so near to it that the winners will know they have been playing ball. Among the thousands of admirers of the New York team few stop



"OLD RELIABLE" JACK WARNER.

to think of the part played by the men behind the bat—Jack Warner and Frank Bowerman—and of the absolute necessity of a team having good catchers before any successful attempt can be made to win a pennant. The ability of a man to cover simply the throws from the pitcher and to catch foul flies in his territory is only a part of the work expected of these modern buffers for the stopping of the swiftest curves. The catcher is the general of the whole nine and must direct the play, because his position is such that he sees more clearly than any other player the happenings of a game. Work of this kind requires judgment of a high order, and it is in this respect that Warner and Bowerman shine above their fellow catchers in the National League. There may be two or three who equal them, but they have no superiors. Johnny Kling, of Chicago, reputed to be the best catcher in professional baseball, has never shown an ability to think faster in an emergency than these two artists of the big mitt.

It has come to be accepted as an axiom that a club has small chance to win a pennant without the services of two high-class catchers. Many instances can be shown where a club had finished at the top with only a fair pitching department or with a weak spot in the field or on bases. It will always be found, however, that such clubs had catchers of the first rank, or at least one star backstop and a suitable substitute. Manager McGraw has included in his team two high-class men to work behind the bat, and therein lies a great part of the team's success this year and last. The catcher is "the man behind the gun" in scientific baseball, but, like the trainer of a great racehorse, he seldom receives the credit that is due him. He is constantly doing work for which the unthinking spectator gives him little or no credit, but which is of the first importance to the team. The first-class catcher judges from the batsman's actions what he is likely to do, and communicates his knowledge to the pitcher and to the rest of the players, by means of signals. He watches the base runners in order to keep the twirler informed of what is going on, and signals when to throw to catch a man napping. He backs up the first or third baseman on long throws from the field, and in general is the right man in the right place at all times. This is the kind of service that Warner and Bowerman are rendering to their team, and if the pennant floats at the Polo Grounds next year, they will have performed their full part in bringing it there.

PLAY BALL
Right, and if you get a copy of No. 3 of Fox's Athletic Library, baseball by John J. McGraw, Captain-Manager of the New York team, you will learn a great many things about the game that you probably never knew before. Seven two-cent stamps gets it.



From the Sommer Studio: Philadelphia.

WILLIE DITTLIES.

One of Philadelphia's Best Featherweights who issues a Defi to Meet any of the Feathers.

with Jack Munroe, the Butte miner, which takes place before the Yosemite A. C., of Frisco, on Aug. 26.

Eugene Van Court, the well-known sporting man of California, recently offered to bet Harry Pollock, manager of Munroe, \$1,500 that Jeffries would beat Munroe and would give him odds of 10 to 6 on the fight.

Pollock declined the offer, saying he expected 3 to 1 for his money. It is almost certain that 3 to 1 will be offered on Jeffries when the men begin fighting, owing

Invaluable to everyone interested in Athletics—The Official Book of Rules for All Sports. Revised and profusely illustrated. Send seven 2-cent stamps for it at once.

Do You Admire the Fine Points of BASEBALL? If So, Send Seven 2-cent Stamps for Book

OUR INQUIRY DEPARTMENT

IN WHICH ARE ANSWERED

MANY INTRICATE QUESTIONS

Everything Appertaining to Pugilism, Athletics, Yachting, Racing, Trotting, Baseball and Cards.

DON'T HESITATE TO ASK US ABOUT ANYTHING.

Our Sources of Information Are Accurate and Our Decisions Settle Many Wagers for Our Readers.

R. J. B., Port Huron, Mich.—He certainly has not. **T. T. S., Trenton, N. J.**—Write to W. C. Daly, Brighton Beach race track, New York.

P. H., Brooklyn.—Was Joe Grim ever knocked out?...No record of it.

C. A. T., New York.—Sullivan's fight with Mitchell in France resulted in a draw.

H. B. McCoy, Bisbee, Ariz.—Send seven two-cent stamps for "Book of Rules."

Knobs, Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Sorry we cannot furnish you with accurate information.

Readers, Milwaukee.—A bet that if a champion signs articles to fight for a purse of \$25,000 and the championship of the world, and they put up their four to fight on a certain date, and the champion fails to appear, through accident or any cause at all, he loses the championship?...If he forfeits he loses his title unless opponent agrees to a postponement.

J. R., Brooklyn.—What nationality is Joe McGinnity, pitcher of New York Nationals?...Irish descent.

Lillian, Louisville, Ky.—Who is the champion coon shouter?...Write to Tascott, winner of the "Police Gazette" championship medal, care of POLICE GAZETTE.

F. H., Chicago, Ill.—A and B had a friendly bowling match; C bet D that A would beat B; the game ended in a tie, 25 pins apiece; who wins?...Technically C loses the wager.

A. H. G., Davenport, Ia.—Can a man be elected President of the United States more than two terms in succession?...There is nothing in the United States Constitution to prevent it.

Reader, Newark.—Give me the address of a good boxing instructor in New York city?...Prof. James DeForest, Lenox Lyceum, Madison avenue and Fifty-ninth street, New York city.

Reader, Arkansas City, Kan.—How many times has Corbett and Jeffries fought?...Twice. Send six two-cent stamps for "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," containing dates and records.

A. G., Defiance, O.—A bet that Jim Corbett hit Bob Fitzsimmons twenty-five times in one round; B bet he did not; who wins?...Unfortunately we failed to count the number of blows struck.

F. A. H., El Paso, Tex.—Has Jack Johnson, the colored heavyweight, a record?...It is in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual." Send six two-cent stamps for the greatest little record book in the world.

Subscriber, Joliet.—Who would have a right to question Siler's decision if he said knocked out, at Carson City, or if he said counted out?...Is a referee's decision final pertaining to any fight he may referee?...Did Jack McAuliffe and Kid Lavigne ever meet in a contest for the championship?...Did they ever meet where there was a referee to decide the contest?...1. Any qualified authority. 2. Yes. 3. No. 4. Yes, but no decision was given. Send six two-cent stamps for "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," containing all records.

J. W. P., Moline, Ill.—Grafton shakes three jacks; Welsh bets three jacks are no good; Welsh shakes, and shakes three jacks; who wins the bet?...Same old thing. Welsh loses bet on technicality.

H. S., Newark, N. J.—How long is it since the first copy of the POLICE GAZETTE was printed?...What is the best time for a running horse on the flat?...1. The POLICE GAZETTE was established in 1846. 2. For what distance?

S. and M., Columbus, O.—A having thrown four deuces in three throws; B bets that he will be beat his throw; upon trial B throws four deuces; who wins?...B doesn't beat A's throw according to his boast and loses the wager.

Subscriber, Wamego, Kan.—If we "handed you a bunch" it's about time for you to buy. Price of the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" is still ten cents and a stamp. It's worth it to anybody who wants as much information as you do.

A. P. W., Norton, N. B.—I noticed an inquiry concerning the Resurrection Plant from A. P. W., Norton, N. B. Am pleased to say that George J. Tills, Albion, N. Y., has them to sell in any quantity at a very reasonable price.—CHESTER SHELLEY.

M. H., Selma, Ala.—Will you furnish me with the names of several New York men that usually risk a little on general elections?...Jacob Fields, New York Stock Exchange; Mark A. Mayer, Hoffman House, New York; Ed Burke and John Considine, Hotel Metropole, New York.

F. M. T., St. Louis, Mo.—Did Tenny ever beat Salvator in any race?...No.

T. N., Minneapolis.—In California dice are four times higher than five aces?...No. Fours don't beat fives.

Athlete, Kansas City, Mo.—Send seven two-cent stamps for the "Official Book of Rules" for all sports. It contains the Amateur Athletic Union rules and others, is profusely illustrated, and you will find in it all the other information you need.

Reader, Pine Bluff, Ark.—A says John L. was the greatest fighter ever was; B says George Dixon was? Which was the hardest battle ever fought? Why did

On a race the total money wagered is pooled and divided equally. Thus 10 to 4 would be 14, divided, 7 to each.

Trolley Saloon, Kansas City, Mo.—Can you tell positively the age of a horse by their teeth after they are eight years old?...Not after a good "faker" has been at work on them.

R. E. F., Goshen, Ind.—What is a black Mallard duck?...What seems to be matter with Jim Jeffries?...1. Write to Secretary Fish and Game Commission, Washington, D. C. 2. Sore leg.

FLYNN BEATS LIEBRICK.

Before a large crowd in Bradford, Pa., recently, Cy Flynn, the Buffalo boxer, knocked out Kid Liebrick, of Titusville, in the ninth round. Flynn did some clever execution with both hands, pounding the Kid's kidneys until that individual was in bad shape. Then Flynn put in the "quieting" blow.

The contest was a rattling one from the start to finish. Liebrick is a clever boy and it required all the knowledge of fighting that Flynn knew before he could stop the Kid. Not once was Flynn in danger, although Liebrick had him in a few tight holes in the early rounds.

DOUGHERTY AND LOVE DRAW.

After bickering and arguing for nearly a year Danny Dougherty and Tommy Love, two of the cleverest bantams in the country, met in the ring July 8 before the Manhattan A. C., Philadelphia, and at the end of the sixth round neither boy had anything on the other. The bout was fast and extremely clever at times.

Love forced the milling in the first part with his clever jabs, but Dougherty, gradually warming up as the bout progressed, fought in cyclonic fashion in the fifth and sixth rounds and easily evened up what advantage Love had secured in the forepart of the go.

The boys had agreed to weigh in at 122 pounds in the ring. Love just made the weight, while Dougherty only brought the beam down to 116 pounds. Love looked very pale, as if it had been hard work to get down to 122, while Dougherty, although six pounds

CHALLENGES

[If you desire to issue a challenge of any kind, send it to be published in this column. The "Police Gazette" will hold your forfeits and help you to make a match. If you have a good photograph of yourself send that in too.]

Jimmy Simister, the Philadelphia featherweight, is after a bout with Tim Callahan, and is not particular about the distance.

Joe Millet, who claims the light-heavyweight championship of the Hawaiian Islands, is ready to meet any man in the business.

The Alliance A. C., of New York, has developed a weight lifter and wrestler in Pete Brown. He will make it interesting for anyone that wishes to compete.

Johnny Mack, who looks after the interests of Danny Duane, the New York lightweight, is after the scalp of Kid Fredericks, the Buffalo, N. Y., lightweight.

Jack Doyle, the long distance swimmer, is still waiting to hear from anyone that would like to risk some money on their chances of defeating him in a five-mile contest.

Ted Tonnemann, a welterweight wrestler, who has downed some of the best mat artists in his class, writes that he would like to have it out with Harvey Parker, and can be addressed at Newark, Ohio.

Kid Conroy, of Bridgeport, Conn., who has defended some of the best featherweights, has bucking to meet anybody from 124 to 130 pounds. He can be addressed in care of his manager, James Jacques, 400 Water street, Bridgeport, Conn.

Patrick J. May, winner of a five-mile race at Waterbury, Conn., recently, in which some of the best athletes in the Nutmeg State competed, is ready to meet any runner at the same distance.

The Astoria Home Team issues a challenge to all other teams. Fred J. Brown, captain, Astoria, Oregon.

I am willing to meet any boxer at from 180 to 183 pounds in the West. Fred Land, Yosemite A. C., San Francisco, Cal.

I hereby challenge any lightweight wrestler in America, George Bothner preferred. Charles Well, care POLICE GAZETTE.

H. P. Hansen, the Danish wrestler, who gave Jim Parr a hard battle a short time ago, is anxious to get another crack at the Englishman.

I am ready to meet any of the dancers in Greater New York for a side bet of \$50 or more.—Joe Solo, 456 E. 119th st., New York city.

The Messenger Jrs. Baseball Team challenge all teams in Greater New York between the ages of 15 and 17 years.—John Read, 328 Jackson avenue, Long Island City, N. Y.

Kid Curley, who has defeated a number of good boys around New York city in finish contests, is anxious to hear from Chester Goodwin, and is not particular about the number of rounds.

The Portage Lake Hockey Team, of Cleveland, Ohio, who are the world's champions of 1904, are now ready to accept challenges for the coming season. C. E. Webb, manager, Cleveland, Ohio.

Kid Lemmel, who recently disposed of Jack Boland in two rounds, thinks he is good enough to face any one at 145 pounds, and his manager, Joe Peters, of Evansville, Ind., will post a forfeit to bind a match.

On page 9 of this issue is a fine photograph of W. W. Lake, one of the most expert bag punchers and boxers in the Northwest. He is shown at work in his gymnasium at Baker City, Ore., with W. H. Sivyer on the left and W. L. Lake on the right. The illustrations in the background are all from the POLICE GAZETTE and present a most attractive appearance. Lake is ready to accept all challenges.

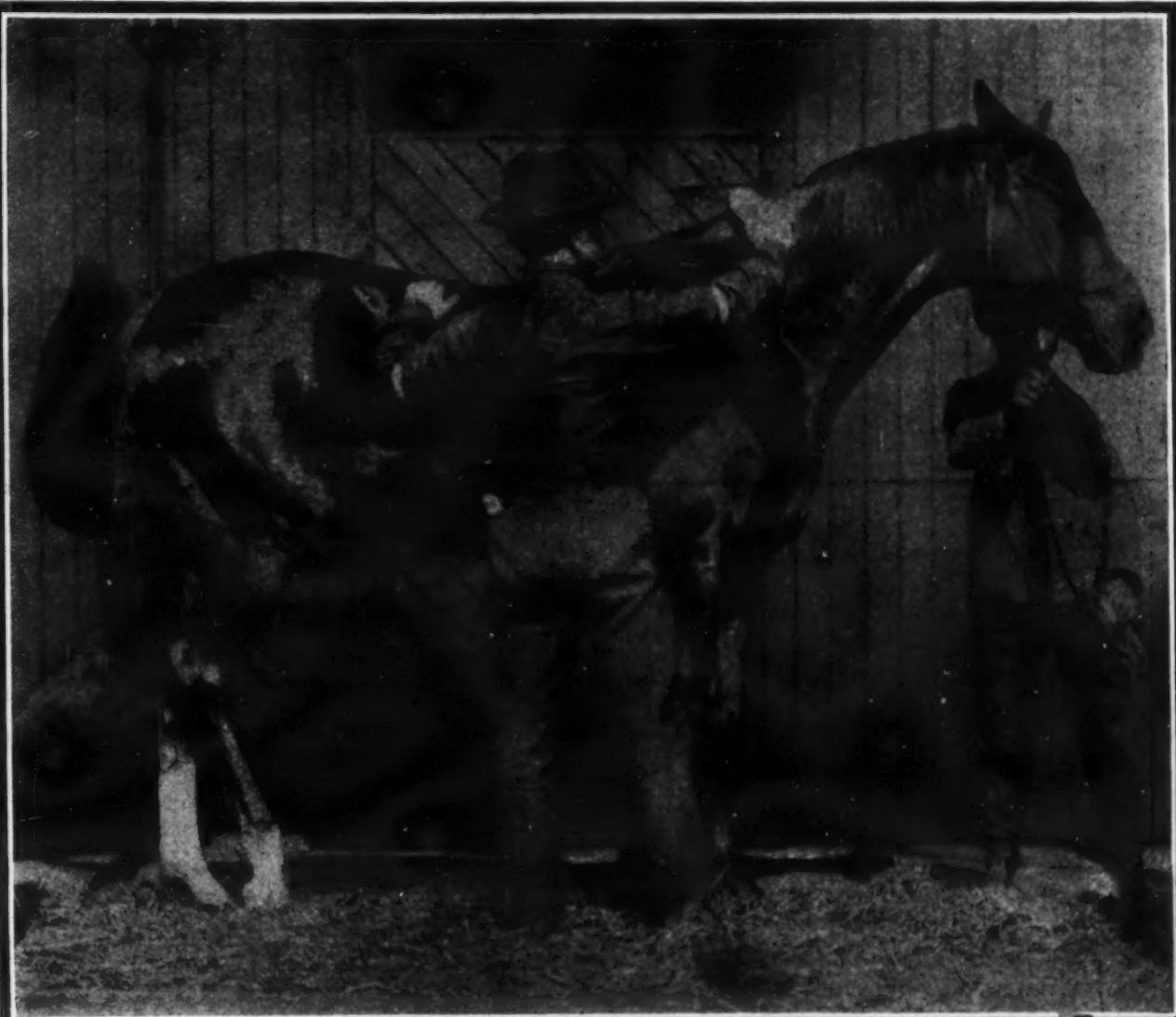
The baseball team of Company F, 25th Infantry, Fort Reno, Okla., challenge any amateur team in Oklahoma or the Indian Territory. George C. Garlick, Corporal, Company F, 25th Infantry, Fort Reno, Okla.

The Howard Field Club, champion ball players of the East Side, New York, have by special arrangements secured the grounds at Kensington, Brooklyn, which will in the near future be under the management of Michael Canele. They are uniformed in their attire, and challenge any other uniformed team averaging from thirteen to fourteen years of age. Reply to Michael Canele, 23 Chrystie street, New York city.

KID BROWN A CHAMPION.

Kid Brown, of Chicago, was given the decision over Joe Perente, who claimed the lightweight championship of Wisconsin, in a six-round bout at the Centennial Gardens, La Crosse, Wis., recently. The match was advertised to decide the lightweight championship of the State.

Boys can make a nice income by selling Fox's physical culture books at ten cents each. For particulars address Agents Department, this office.



THE MORNING TOILET OF HERMIS.

The Famous Horse is Now in Training to go After the Mile Record of 1:37 2-5 held by Dick Welles, and Mr. Thomas, his Owner, will probably arrange a Race with that Object in View. Recently Hermis ran a Mile in 1:38 with 133 pounds up.

John L. refuse the "Police Gazette" belt?...1. Opinions differ. 2. Battle of Waterloo. 3. Because he hadn't sense enough to accept it.

G. A. S., Baltimore, Md.—What class is Young Corbett in when fighting at 130 pounds?...Lightweight.

A. F., New York.—What was the date of last fight between Bob Fitzsimmons and Jack Dempsey?...Jan. 4, 1891.

Reader, Atlantic City.—Was John L. Sullivan champion of the world?...If not, who was?...L. No. 2. Maco, Fitz and Jeffries.

C. M., Carthage, Mo.—Do you think Jack Johnson would have licked Sullivan, Fitzsimmons or Sharkey when they were young?...No.

W. C., Schenectady, N. Y.—What days are considered National Holidays?...There are no National holidays according to the constitution of the United States.

C. J. D., East Toledo, O.—Do you know of a fighter by the name of Charley Slusher, of Louisville, Ky.?...Yes, but don't know of his present whereabouts.

J. L. I., Baltimore, Md.—A bet is made of 10 to 4 on prize fight; the fight is a draw; how is the money divided according to the way a bookmaker pays; that is, if a race is a dead heat and not run off?...The same rule does not apply to fighting and horse racing. Each bettor on a fight takes down his original stake.

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under that weight, looked strong and rugged. That Love felt the strain of his severe training was quickly seen by his actions in the fifth and sixth rounds. His blows lacked the steam of the preceding rounds, and he was slow in his actions, undoubtedly due to sheer weakness in trying to make the weight.

Before the windup went on, Tom Sharkey, who had journeyed over to second Bob Fitzsimmons, was introduced, as was Jack O'Brien. Both made the customary speech, and Sharkey obliged by refereeing the windup.

Love had an advantage in height as well as in weight. Love took the aggressive as soon as the round opened and landed a straight left on Dougherty's face. He kept up these tactics throughout the round. The second was slow in spots and fast at other times, Dougherty mixing it up with Love whenever he got close enough.

Love started his usual jabbing in the third, but Dougherty, getting home a solid left to the face, fought fast and furiously in the clinches and in the mix-ups that followed. Both boys mixed it up frequently in the fourth, Dougherty getting in some hard wallop. Love played mostly for the face, getting there often with his left, and an occasional uppercut.

Dougherty had the best of the fifth, although his advantage was not very conspicuous. Love appeared to weaken under the fast pace of the previous round, although he was fighting as fast as his opponent when the bell rang. The sixth was tamer, both boys appearing to have fought out their strength, although Dougherty was far the stronger.



THEY ARE CHAMPIONS.
THE FAMOUS HOSE TEAM OF ASTORIA, OREGON, WHO HAVE TAKEN FIRST PRIZE IN ALL THEIR CONTESTS DURING THE PAST YEAR.



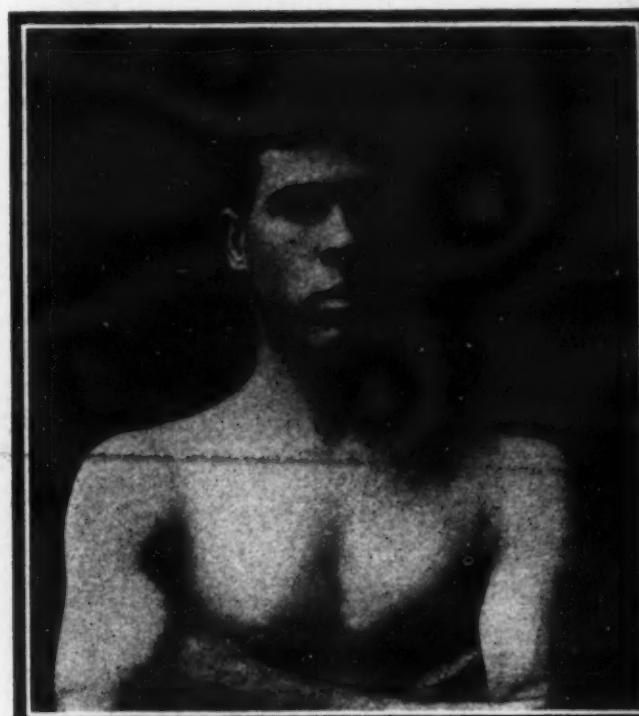
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RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Sq., New York City.

but the clergy held otherwise. They argued with the Mayor and the pressure influenced the latter, who finally said the men could not fight.

It is not thought that the combat will be declared off for good. If it is it will mean the sounding of the death-knell of boxing in Philadelphia. It is understood that the management will take the matter to the courts and test the interference thoroughly. If they win, the limit of the contests may be extended to ten rounds, instead of six, as prevails at present.

SCHOLES AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

F. Scholes, who won the Diamond Sculls at the Henley Regatta, will be a starter in the National championship at St. Louis. He will return from England at once, and is looked upon as a winner in the National event. Scholes is considered the fastest amateur or professional sculler produced in the United States and Canada in a score of years.

TITUS WON THE SINGLE SCULLS.

The People's regatta, over the National course, on the Schuylkill river, at Philadelphia, on July 4, resulted in a victory for the Quaker City crews, who captured ten of the twelve events.

C. S. Titus, of the Atlanta Boat Club of New York, won the senior sculls from J. B. Juvenal, of the Pennsylvania Boat Club, in 11:17. The senior doubles was won by the University Boat Club of Philadelphia; the senior fours and senior eights by the Vesper crews, while the New York A. C. representatives captured the intermediate eights.

CHICK MONAHAN THE WINNER.

Jack Dwyer, of Boston, and Chick Monahan, of Brockton, were scheduled to meet in a ten-round bout at the Young Men's Social Club, Brockton, Mass., on June 30, in which Monahan won in the sixth round, having fought Dwyer to a standstill. Dwyer was badly punished.

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Cactus Cream is an outwardly applied salve. Has only to be gently rubbed in to benefit. One application positively proves its value. Makes weak men strong and strong men stronger. This is the original and only Cactus Cream, and is sent to all parts of the world for \$1.00, box. Sealed sample, 10c., silver. PERRY PRO. CO., FACTORY, LYNNBROOK, NEW YORK. U. S. A. We have given up our New York city office.

ANY MAN suffering from Atrophy, Varicocele or any form of weakness will find a quick, sure and lasting cure in Dr. Yousouf's Celebrated Turkish Ointment. It is a harmless outward application, acts directly on the nerves and muscles, and gives strength and vitality to old and young men. A small box, mailed sealed in plain wrapper for 2c. Large box \$1.00. Three boxes (full treatment) \$2.50. Safe delivery guaranteed. Circular for 2c. stamp. Write to-day. A. FRANKLIN REMEDY CO., 519 Third Ave., New York.

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If you have lost your manly strength and vigor, and have become impotent, or if you are suffering from Varicocele, or Enlarged Prostate, or any evil effects of youthful indiscretions, the Dr. Knapp Medical Co., 797 Hull Blvd., Detroit, Mich., will gladly send you a free recipe that will quickly cure any of the above weaknesses and will restore you to your full manly vigor and strength.

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LADIES in trouble use our sure remedy. TRIAL FREE. Paris Chemical Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

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MEDICAL.

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A Positive and Permanent Cure
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Failure is Never Known, No
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Sufferers from this dreadful disorder know the injurious effects to the system that come from the usual mercury and iodide of potash treatment, and the distressing physical after results. These are entirely avoided by the use of

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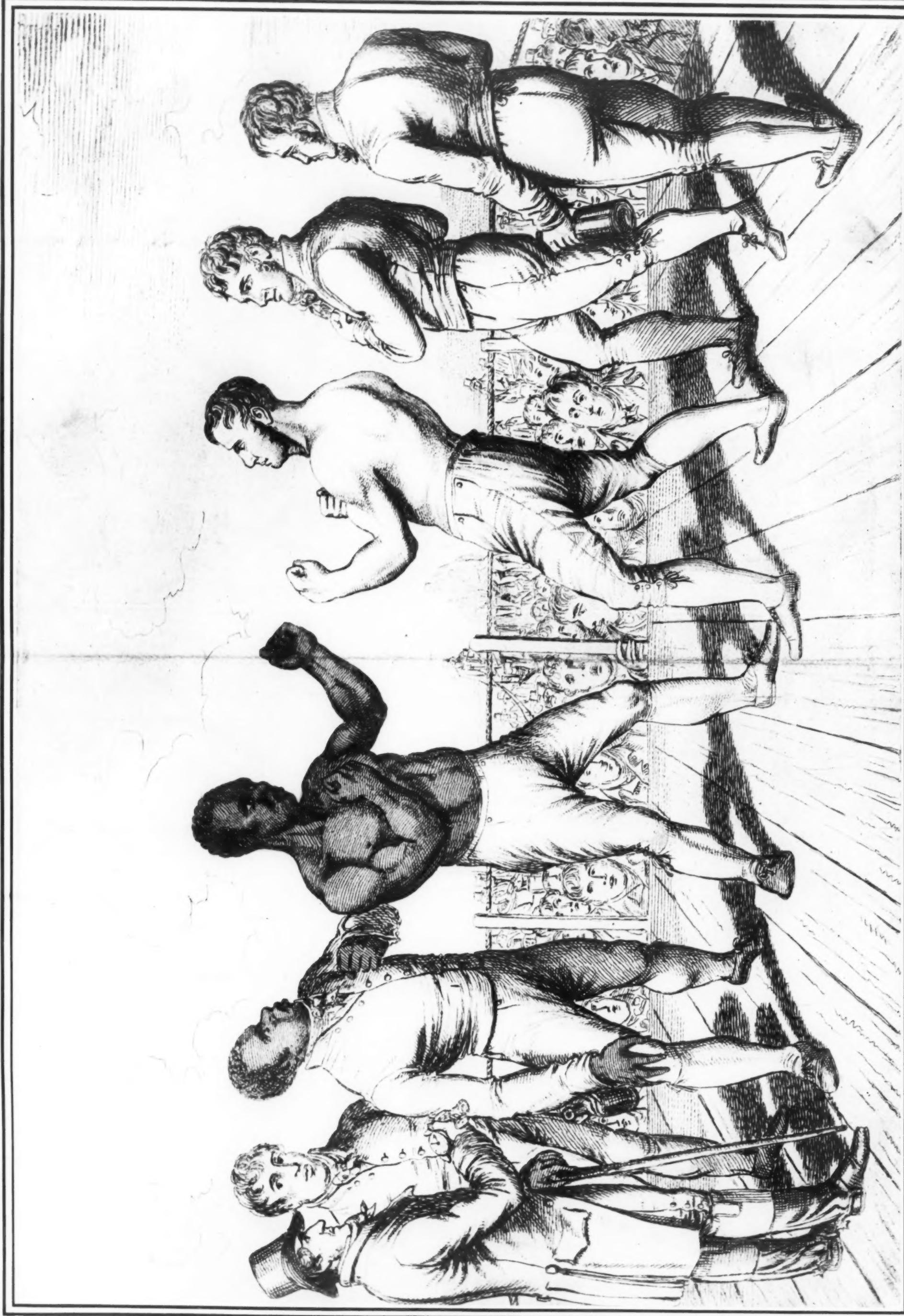
THE POLICE GAZETTE, NEW YORK CITY



Photo by Feinberg: New York.

BELLE GORDON, CHAMPION BAG PUNCHER.

THE HOLDER OF THE POLICE GAZETTE MEDAL AND AUTHOR OF THE BOOK ON
PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR WOMEN, PUBLISHED BY RICHARD K. FOX.



THE FAMOUS BATTLE BETWEEN MOLINEAUX AND CRIBB.

It was fought at Thistleton Gap, England, September 28, 1811, for 600 Guineas. The duration was eleven rounds, lasting twenty minutes, when the Black was carried off senseless with a broken jaw.

Copyright, 1904, by RICHARD K. FOX.

ON THE SUBJECT OF PROSPERITY

The Bowery Boy Moralizes on the Present Condition of the Country--Partly Political.

THINGS VIEWED FROM HIS STANDPOINT

Becomes Philosophical and Critical by Turns and Comments Upon Different Men and Their Different Methods.

NO. 19.

"Sum uv de mob wuz standin' on de corner de odder night an' shootin' dere mouths off about diff'rent ting's, an' dere wuzn't de price uv pint in de bunch. If dere had been dey wouldn't hev had so much ter say,

steak if yer go by der price yer hev ter pay fer it. An' it's der same wid everyt'ing else--up so high dat it takes er bloke in er balloon ter git 'em.

"Dat's de reason dere buildin' dese sky scrapers.

Even de houses cum high.

"Are yer on ter dat joke?

"Uv course de times is good--fer sum mugs like de millionaires an' de rest uv dat push. Dey kin sit on de decks uv dere steam yots an' say ter de coon in de white clothes:

"Bring me t'ree mugs uv ale at er time; enny cheap guy kin order wun."

"An' dey kin call down ter de feller in de ingine room an' say:

"T'row on six tons uv coal between here an' Sandy Hook; I trimmed an uther sucker in Wall street terday."

"But de feller wid de shovel ain't workin' on commission, an' he don't git nuttin' extra. He loses, fer he takes off weight w'en de furnace gits red hot.

"I see by de paper dat de wife uv er rich bloke bought two uv dose chu-chu-waggons--autermobiles, yer know--de odder day. She blew herself in fer erbout six thousand apecce fer dem, an' dey were de real goods. But she didn't like de color uv de smoke wot cum from de gaserine tanks, an' she sold 'em fer er cuppie uv hundred.

"Dat's wot yer call Easy Street, all rite, an' I t'ink she knows w're her next new lid is cummin' from, an' she don't have ter look around fer wun dat's been reduced from \$4.98 ter \$1.00, neither.

"But dat ain't prosperity.

"Dat's wot I call er cinch.

"Prosperity fer me means dat w'en

I see Her Nobs wid er can to

know dat it holds er pint an' dat I git my share.

"I want ter git de first crack at it, too, because I never wuz good at de finish.

"But dere ain't no use puttin' up er holler es long es you are alive an' able ter take er walk.

"De trusts is all rite. I believe in dem, but de blokes wot keep de dumps on de Bowery don't, 'cause dey got signs up all over:

"No trust here."

"Maybe dat's wun uv de reeasons w'y dey vote fer de

Democrats.

"Dis politician graft is all ter de creem cakes fer de blokes wot's in rite, an' dey don't hev ter hussle fer dere winter ulsters w'en dere's ice in de river.

"But take de rank an' file an' wot do dey git?

"Before election day it's er case of gittin' a pat on de back an' yer all rite--maybe.

"But afterwards, biff, baff, wiff, waff, an' den dey don't know yer.

"De swell politician gits it by de ton, an' w'en dey git dere hooks on it, it's er case uv put de combination on so it can't get away from 'em. De gorilla bunch wot does all de wallopin' an' crashin' kin take er walk around de block fer theirs. Dey git crackers an' car fare an' de leader gits wine an' cakes. He wakes up de next mornin' an' sez:

"Wot way is de sun shinin'?"

"De poor regular wakes up an' wonders wot way he's goin' ter get er beef stew, an' figuers on if de guy behind de fence is wearin' a pretty smile so he kin give him er touch fer er ball.

"Dese speak-easy guys--you know, de blokes wot gits de loan uv yer leg, an' wot t'rows de old gram-a-chree inter yer until it feels as if yer had er cake uv ice on yer neck--dey give yer er nickel an' send yer ter de

AMBITION WRESTLERS.

There are over 70 page wrestling pictures in Champion George Bothner's new book. It contains all the rules, too. Price, 25 cents; postage 4 cents extra.

side door uv er cheap dump, an' den dey t'row de con dat dey hev got ter meet er friend uptown. Den his nobs, de grate Rajah wid de politician push, hope on to er trolley an' git inter de last seat so de mob can't see him an' give him de hello an' touch before he lands at de Hoffman House.

"De graft is all rite, but on de level, it needs ter be disinfected before it'll ever be enny good. Dey say yer've got ter stand by de platform, but wot do we know erbout dat? We're hangin' out on the corner, doin' nuttin', an' we ain't no carpenters.

"An' after election is over an' t'ings is settled, it's like tryin' ter find an Irishman in a Jew buryin'-ground ter find er politician.

"Dere gentlemen den--wotever dat is.

"Den dere's dat convention gag!

"Dat's de limit.

"It's only an excuse fer de mugs wid coin an' pull ter go on er drunk, wile de mob stays at home an' waits on er corner fer sum wun wid er nickel ter cum an' blow 'em off to er scuttal uv suds."

*me, chuck connor's
days all*

Next Week's Story relates the Adventures of Chuck and a Friend in an Up-town District.

JIG AND BLINK DRAW.

Blink McClusky, of Philadelphia, and Jim Stone, of Boston, fought fifteen rounds to a draw before the Baltimore Club at Manchester, N. H., July 11. These men have met many times before. In a preliminary Scotty Coyne, of Manchester, and Young Barrish, of Boston, fought eight fast rounds to a draw.

The McClusky-Stone bout was one of the cleanest, fastest and most earnest fought battles that Manchester sports have witnessed for a long time. Over 800 were in attendance at the Coliseum, and they went away well satisfied with the fight and the decision. McClusky, if anything, had a little the better of the fighting. Stone got in the larger number of blows, but in the twelfth round he was only saved from a knockout by the sound of the gong.

FITZ HAD THE BEST OF CANOLE.

Willie Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn, had a trifle the best of Martin Canole, of Fall River, in a six-round bout at the National A. C., Philadelphia, July 11. Fitzgerald was the aggressor at the start and increased his advantage in every round. Canole landed few hard punches until the end of the sixth, when he rocked Fitzgerald's head with a right. After the bout Canole claimed he had broken his left hand during the fight and had been greatly handicapped.

Canole showed himself to be a clever boxer. His work was of the shadowy variety and he led Fitzgerald a long chase before he was able to reach him with any degree of success.

Fitzgerald swung both hands to the head in the first, and then went to the floor as the result of his effort to evade Martin's return.

Fitzgerald caught Canole with a hard right to the jaw and the Fall River man wobbled to the ropes. Fitz followed his advantage with a left to the ear.

Canole covered up and the Brooklyn boy was too cautious to rush him. He drew Canole out with several jabs to the face. Canole tried a left.

Fitz began his jabbing tactics in the fourth. Canole led him a merry chase around the ring. When Fitz cornered him he was forced to fight back. Both swung wildly and in the mix-up that followed the Brooklyn slipped over a right. Canole went back against the ropes. Fitz caught him on the rebound with a straight left, and followed it with his right.

Canole was now running around the ring to evade the wild swings Fitz was directing at him. Fitz pegged away, jabbing his left whenever he got in range.

Canole changed his tactics in the last round, and instead of retreating, stood his ground and exchanged blows with Willie. Fitz, while swinging, did not neglect to keep his guard. Canole was not able to slip in punch until the bout was almost at an end. Then he drew down Willie's guard with a stab to the body and shot his right to the jaw. Fitzgerald was rocked, but came back, swinging viciously a right and left on the neck. Fitz was hot on Canole's trail at his right.

JACK MUNROE DOWNS.

Yankee Rogers, the New Englander, had very little trouble in throwing Jack Munroe two straight falls in their catch-as-catch-can match at Buffalo, N. Y., July 11. It was a mere romp for the giant Rogers, who twisted Jack's neck into all sorts of shapes, winning the first fall in 11 minutes and 20 seconds, and then carrying off the winner's end by gaining a fall in 13 minutes and 50 seconds. A hammerlock and a leg hold won both falls.

In his match Munroe showed poor form as a wrestler. He neither classed with Rogers in strength,

weight or mat science, and never stood a chance of winning. Rogers was twice Jack's match, and when the time came for him to win he simply mauled Munroe to the mat and then took a hold and downed him. But despite the odds against him, Munroe was plucky and tried hard to keep his shoulders off the mat.

One thing Munroe did show the 2,000 spectators was that he could spar some. When Rogers and the miner shaped up Jack started to feint for holds, and the spectators grinned. He forgot that he had to wrestle and not fight, and rushed at Rogers. Aside from some clever footwork and the way he handled himself, Munroe was all to the bad, although in Jack's behalf it might be said his condition is excellent.

Farmer Davis, of Springbrook, and Kid Wagner, the "Terrible Hackman," furnished the preliminary, Davis winning two straight falls in 16:10 and 5:15. Davis, who was the aggressor throughout, punished the local man with hammerlocks and scissors holds. Wagner did some very clever defensive work, but Davis was too strong for him.

BASEBALL DOUBLE PAGE.

Next week's POLICE GAZETTE will contain one of the finest double pages of baseball players ever published. The men will be shown as they appear in action on the field, and the photographs are the best which have ever been taken.

JACK BOLAN GOT THE PUNCH.

Kid Lemmel, of Louisville, and Jack Bolan, of Cincinnati, met in the People's Theatre, Evansville, Ind., recently, in what was supposed to be a ten-round bout, but the fight ended quickly in the beginning of the second round, when Bolan was knocked out. About 200 sports attended the fight. The spectators declare the fight was on the square. There was a preliminary between two negroes. William Forsythe was referee.

EX-CHAMPION CASEY DEAD.

Philip J. Casey, ex-champion handball player of the world, died recently of cancer of the stomach, at his home, 305 Degraw street, Brooklyn. He had been in failing health for the past two years, but only took to his bed a short time ago. Casey was born in the village of Rathdowney, Queens County, Ireland, in 1840, and came to this country in the early '60s. Since then he had been a prominent figure in the Tenth Ward, Brooklyn. His first match for the American championship was against Barney McQuade, in 1866, although previous to that Casey had met and defeated the famous Irish expert, Billy Bagga.

In 1871 Casey, with James Dunne, Sr., defeated O'Brien and Farron for the championship, at Chicago, and twenty-six years later the same pair scored an



Photo by Newman: New York.

"I want ter git de first crack at it, too, because I never wuz good at de finish."

other victory over Carney and Keegan for a side bet of \$2,000.

One of the most important matches of his time was

against John Lawler, for the world's championship, in

1887. The first half of the match was played in Ireland and the second in America, and Casey won. Casey played several big matches afterward.

He was unquestionably the greatest exponent of the game of handball that ever stood in an alley. Casey was never married and lived with his sister, Mrs. James F. Wallace. He was a member of the Consolidated Stock Exchange of New York. Twice he served as Alderman from the Tenth Ward.

Casey trained John L. Sullivan for his battle with Corbett in 1892. Personally he was gentle and unassuming, and was always ready to lend a helping hand.

A COOLING DRINK.

An Arrack Punch is a peculiar drink to make, but Fox's "Bartender's Guide" tells you how to do it. 25 cents; postage 2c. extra.

Photo by Newman: New York.

"Prosperity fer me means dat w'en I see Her Nobs wid er can to know dat it holds er pint an' dat I git my share."

but dey would hev been up against de fence blowin' in dere coin an' makin' de cash talk.

"Dat's de way wid er hole lot uv guys--de less dey've got de more dey hev ter say, an' de bloke wot hollers de loudest ain't always de feller wid de big bank roll, an' he ain't always got de goods in his t'ink tank, neither.

"De mug wot's got de dough known he's all rite an' he don't hev ter go 'round tellin' everybody about it, fer he kin deliver de goods w'en he's called on fer er show down.

"It's de same wid er dog, an' de mutt wot's got er bark like de whistler on er Cunard steamboat ain't er good propositon ter put yer mazuma on in er rite, fer wile he's barkin' de odder klyoodie is bizzz chewin' his neck off.

"So just stow dataway in yer nut, old pal, an' yer'll learn sumthin' wot may cum in handy de next time yer brought up before de Judge.

"Ratsey Kelly, who is er Republican because he always gits t'ree bucks from de party ev'ry time he puts in er vote, wuz sayin' dat dis guy Roosevelt wuz de best President dat ever happened, because we wuz havin' such good times. He shot off his mouth just as if he wuz gittin' paid fer it, and he wuz talkin' about all kinds uv coin. An' dere he wuz, wldout de price uv er toothpick an' out uv er job fer t'ree months. He wuz er swell mug ter be talkin' about good times w'en he didn't know w're his next chuck wuz cummin' from, unless it wuz de side counter in Barney's w're he's cheasin' an' crackin'.

"Everybody else in de mob sez dat de times wuz grate, but I didn't hear no money talkin' an' no wun sez, 'Cum an' hev er scuttle on me.'

"But dere ain't nobody kin talk ter me erbout good times w'en beer goes up ter ten cents er pint, w'en it used ter be seven. Dat might be good fer de bloke wot makes it, but it ain't no good fer de guy wot buys it.

An' w'en yer go down ter de market ter buy er chunk uv corned beef, yer t'ink yer gittin' hot-house

MUSCULAR RESISTANCE--PHYSICAL CULTURE PERFECTED--SEND SIX 2-CENT STAMPS FOR BOOK



Photo by Gove: Milwaukee.

RUTH EVERETT.

A FAVORITE IN VAUDEVILLE WITH MANY GOOD OFFERS FOR THE COMING SEASON.



Photo by Feinberg: New York.

CARROLL HAMILTON.

SHE ALWAYS LOOKS VERY CHARMING WHETHER SHE ARRAYS HERSELF IN TIGHTS OR KNICKERBOCKERS.



Photo by Gove: Milwaukee.

BELLE LEWIS.

A JOLLY BURLESQUER WHO SINGS WELL AND IS BEWITCHINGLY DAINTY AND HANDSOME.



Photo by Scrony: New York.

MLLE. DEYO.

KNOWN AS THE GIRL WITH WINGS AND WILL SOME DAY FLY HIGH IN THE THEATRICAL WORLD.



Photo by Gove: Milwaukee.

EVA HOWARD.

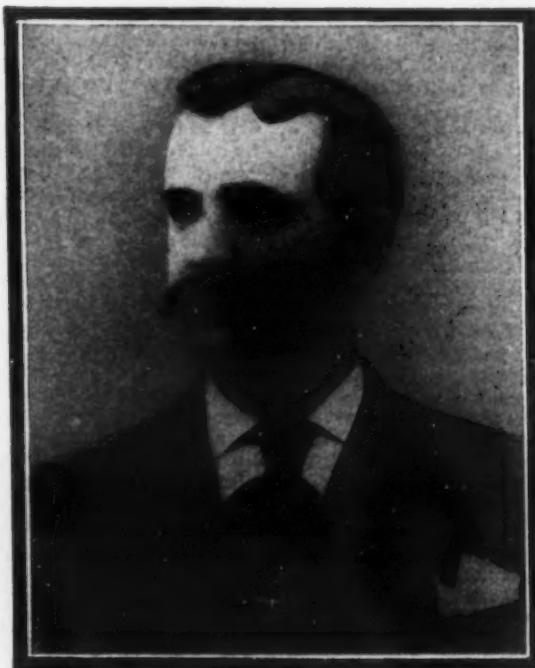
WHO LOOKS VERY SOULFUL, ALSO VERY PRETTY AND SHAPELY IN THE ROLE OF AN INDIAN PRINCESS.



JOSEPH CANALE.
AN EXPERT FENCER OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.,
WHO ISSUES A CHALLENGE.



JOSEPH M. FUCHS.
PROMINENT EAGLE AND SALOON
MAN OF KANSAS CITY, KAN.



JAMES J. NORTON.
THE ABLE MANAGER OF ELECTRIC
PARK, KANSAS CITY, MO.



ROSS GRADEN.
A SPEEDY SPRINTER OF LAMAR, COL.,
WHO BARS NO FAST RUNNER.



HERE ARE THE DINGIES.

C. W. BRENNISEN CHAMPION BASEBALL TEAM OF KANSAS CITY, KAN., WHO ARE
READY TO MEET ANY CLUB IN A SERIES OF GAMES.



THOMAS LOGAN.
A POLICE OFFICER OF EAST ST. LOUIS,
ILL., WITH AN EXCELLENT RECORD.

THE INTERESTING STORY

—IT'S TRAGIC, TOO—

OF A NERVOY GAMBLER

Sensational Incidents in the Tempestuous Career of Myles McDonnell, Killed by a Friend.

THE FAMOUS BATTLE IN THE ONAWA CAFE, NEW YORK

A Record-Breaking Trip to Australia, Where He Sold Corsets by the Thousands and Introduced the Game of Stud Poker.

No one who knew Myles McDonnell, who was killed in Albany not long ago by Richard E. Preusser, thought it would be such an easy task for any man to end the life of this nervy gambler. Of all the men who knew him there were few who would have dared to face him in open battle.

The typical gambler is a man of marked characteristics, and in the glamour of literature he frequently

Edward Courtney, John McGuinness and one other man.

In September, 1900, Train, who is addicted to frequent sprees, came on to New York and went into 125th street to hunt up his old friend McDonnell. According to his custom he carried a large amount of money and wore some preposterous diamonds. At that time McDonnell was a partner of Thomas Kennedy in two

poolrooms and gambling houses in Harlem, and the gamblers marked Train for their prey. Unfortunately for Train, McDonnell was temporarily out of town, and before the gambling clique had led Train to play some thieves stole \$3,800 of his money and his diamond stud. At this juncture McDonnell returned and rescued Train from the hands of his own partners, who charged him with disloyalty to the game and the feud was on. An incident flowing out of this affair throws a strong side light upon McDonnell. He set to work to find the stolen property and had two detectives on the case. In a few days they reported "nothing doing," but McDonnell had different information, and invited the pair to call on Train in his room at the Hotel Vendome. When they entered McDonnell closed and locked the door and said in his quietest manner:

"I have brought you two men to see Mr. Train in order that you can give him back his diamond. You are to keep the money. He doesn't care about that."

The detectives looked up in surprise, and were startled to see behind the blue steel of a pistol barrel the bluer eye of McDonnell flashing a menace that they did not dare to ignore. One of them drew forth the stud and laid it on the table, and with an embarrassed laugh, said:

"Why, we were only sparring for the reward. We brought the diamond to give to Mr. Train."

The breach between McDonnell and Kennedy was widened further by a second occurrence, which presents the gambler in a less commendable light. It had been determined by the firm to open a new gambling house further west on 125th street, and a dealer named David Walsh was intrusted with a bank roll of \$1,500 and sent to open the game. Walsh got drunk, gambled away the money down town and fled from the city. Kennedy charged McDonnell with the responsibility of the dealer, who was the latter's

selection, and demanded that he make good the money. This McDonnell refused to do, but said he would fetch Walsh back, when he could find him, and put him to work and they would collect the \$1,500 out of his percentages. A little later Walsh was discovered in Baltimore, and McDonnell went after him and brought him to Harlem. He took him to the gambling room and there in the presence of several persons cut off his left ear and hung it over the dealer's table, with his own card attached to it, on which was written:

The next man who sits in this chair knows now what danger he invites if he plays the same trick the owner of this ear so vainly attempted.

Walsh swore out a warrant for McDonnell, but, in deference to the unwritten law which requires gamblers to settle their quarrels themselves, refused at the last moment to prosecute in court. The horror that this act awakened contributed fire to the Kennedy feud and the partnership was dissolved. McDonnell sought consolation in drink, and one night, not long afterward, went into Kennedy's place and attempted to enter a back room, which was guarded by a doorman. This man attempted to stop him, but McDonnell thrust him aside, and, kicking open the door, walked into a room full of his enemies. It was an act of the most insolent bravado and a challenge that could not fail of response, and a fight began. In the melee McDonnell was struck down with a champagne bottle and drew his pistol. Murder was not in the air that night and his assailants fled. Then McDonnell wrapped his head in a napkin and poured champagne

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over it, and, backing up in a corner by the bar, opened a conversation with a prominent literary man who happened to be present upon the marvelous beauties to be found in Charles Read's story of "Cloister and Hearth." Other persons gathered about the two men and for an hour McDonnell, with quotation and his own vigorous rendition of the incidents of the tale, held a delighted crowd entranced by the charm of his talk.

Then came the fight in the Onawa Cafe, whose details have been pretty fully and accurately reviewed in the daily press.

McDonnell's trial took a form which held it on a level with the tragedy. His chief counsel refused to appear for him if he persisted in going on the stand. McDonnell insisted and the lawyer threw up his brief. It was impossible for McDonnell, with all of Train's money behind him, to get counsel of eminence to conduct the defense upon the lines the prisoner declared must be followed. One after another the lawyers told him he was clearing his road to the electric chair, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he finally got the consent of a lawyer to handle the case as McDonnell wished. McDonnell never appeared to such advantage as in the witness chair. He was a man of fine presence and with a voice of singular richness and melody. He told the story of the attack, of his defense, of the conviction that his assailants had come to kill him, of the first bullet passing so close to his ear that it sounded like a shrill whistle, and that when he drew his pistol there were four weapons pointed at him and all of them discharging their bullets, and he shot to kill.

"I came out of that danger in safety," he said, "and I am now in danger again, but there is not a man in this jury box who would not have defended his life as I did mine, and at the same cost."

The jury acquitted him. He had, in fact, won his own case, and in doing so had produced one of those curious psychological seances which sometimes enter into and influence the most serious affairs.

Train then put him into business as a stock broker in Boston, where his fine business ability was rewarded with success, and it seemed as if his stormy days were over when he was called to Albany to rescue Train from one of his eccentric sprees and met his death, dramatically, as he had lived.

Myles McDonnell was born on a farm near Creston, Ia., in 1854. In his youth he worked in a country store and subsequently went to Cincinnati and became a book canvasser for a great publishing house engaged in producing subscription books. He was very successful and the traditions of the book agency business are filled with stories of his great sales. In Cincinnati he became a gambler for relaxation. Subsequently he became a commercial traveler out of New York for a corset manufacturing company, and while in this employment he met Train, at that time formulating the scheme of trading stamps now so closely linked with the retail business of the country.

Train recognized in McDonnell qualities which he needed in his business and sought to employ him. The corset maker insisted, however, that McDonnell fulfill an agreement previously made to visit Australia in their interests, and McDonnell took ship for Sydney. Some stormy Americans have visited the Antipodes at one time and another, but the visit of McDonnell takes rank with the best of them. He sold corsets like hot cakes and put almost every woman in the Colony and in New Zealand in American stays, but he introduced stud poker among the colonials and simply ravaged the country. He had a car fitted up as a sample room, and when it was not used for legitimate purposes it was used as a gambling room, and the game was without limit. Finally the railway administration, which in that country is in the hands of the Government, interfered and Myles was deported. He returned by way of Europe, and among his fellow-passengers was

women. He was so manly in appearance, so courteous and almost knightly in his deferential treatment of them, that they couldn't withstand him. Notwithstanding his waywardness in all other respects, his life in this particular was remarkably clean. He was twice married, the second time to his deceased wife's sister, and to her in obedience to the message brought to him by a spiritualistic medium. He was a Catholic as well as a Spiritualist. To defend the paradox in



CHARLES FALLON.

The Crack Left-fielder of the Newburg (N.Y.) Team who is likely to Join Faster Company.

these two faiths in the same life tested his logic, but never disturbed his equanimity or shook his faith in either. Brann, the editor of the *Iconoclast*, who was shot in Waco, Tex., was one of his intimate friends, and his intellectual approach to any social subject was much in kind with the spirit of Brann's writing.

For some time McDonnell worked with Train, to the mutual profit of both. Train became a multi-millionaire. McDonnell responded to his vocation and became a gambler by profession, as he had long been in fact.

DO YOU LIKE BASEBALL?

You will want next week's POLICE GAZETTE if only for the reason that it will contain a magnificent double page of some of the leading players of the year, including a remarkably fine picture in action of the new twirler who has been secured by the New York Americans, Walter Clarkson, late of Harvard, who is a comer in the box.

YELLOW DIXON KNOCKED OUT.

Charley Hite of Albany, knocked out Yellow Dixon of Philadelphia, on July 12, in the second round of what was scheduled to have been a twenty-round bout. A left hook to the jaw won the go for the Albanian. The knockout blow was one of the cleanest ever delivered and was flush on the jaw. Yellow Dixon made several unsuccessful efforts to get to his feet, but the blow was too much for him and he was counted out. An attempt was made at first to pull the fight off at Shafer's Hotel on the Schenectady road, which is



BILLY MCCLAIN.

The well-known Comedian who is at present running a Saloon at 1309 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo., and Manager of the Dixie Kid, whom he is willing to Match for \$1,000 a side Against Any Welterweight Boxer.

appears to be a person of cool and calculating temperament, a fatalist by the logic of his profession and the subject of many heroic and generous sentiments. As a matter of fact, these virtues are attributed to him for the purpose of creating light and shade in the story, and are gratuitously bestowed, for from the very nature of his profession, which speculates upon the weakness of his victims, he is sordid, selfish, secretive, jealous, mercenary and mean. But occasionally one turns up that has redeeming qualities, and while they may not counterbalance his vices, they go far to render him tolerable.

Such a man was Myles McDonnell. His personality was engaging, his sentiments elevated and supported by wide reading and a taste for good books, good pictures, a fondness for poetry and a love of music, and his conversation was a source of delight to his intimate friends. That was his social aspect. In the gambling game he was a tiger, absolutely without mercy and dead to every impulse of kindness or mildness. His courage was of that rare kind which combines utter disregard of personal safety with the most perfect self-possession and icy coolness, and it was this quality which enabled him to stand alone against six armed men in the Onawa Cafe in New York city, and when the fight was over and one lay dying on the floor while three others sought to staunch their wounds, he calmly returned his pistol to his pocket, lit a cigar and remarked that it was an unfortunate affair altogether.

The story of that fight will long hold its place in the record of tragedies in that city, but many of the circumstances attending it are not generally known. Curiously enough, Frederick L. Train, the Boston policy king and the holder of the trademark on the trading stamp and whose summons took McDonnell to Albany and to his death, was the cause of the quarrel which led to the great fight in the Onawa Cafe, the slaying of Thomas Price and the serious wounding of



"RENOWN PAT, JR."

The Grand 34-pound Fighting Dog owned by Ben Tomlin of Hartford City, Ind., which is considered the Best in His Class—for Money—in the United States.

Sarah Bernhardt, who had just closed a professional tour of the Colonies. They became fast friends and were correspondents for a long time. When Myles was in the Tombs awaiting trial Mme. Bernhardt wrote him the most womanly and sympathetic letter and begged to offer her condolences, as she saw no way to give him other support in the trial he was undergoing, and for which her heart bled.

McDonnell was naturally a very attractive man for

Just inside the city limits of Albany. The police got wind of it and it was stopped. It was then held in Schenectady County.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.
Ready Money—Anybody can sell a ten cent book on "How to Play Baseball." We publish the best one. Address Agents Department, Police Gazette office.

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HOW JAPS USE THE HAND

Instead of Clenching it for a Blow it is Handled Like a Cleaver With Deadly Effect.

HOW IT SHOULD BE DEVELOPED.

A Brief Comment on Walking as a Means of Strengthening Not Only the Legs and the Lungs But the Entire Body.

SERIES NO. 81.

If there is one thing more than another that ought to be impressed upon the mind of the young American athlete it is that, taken in connection with other exer-

The blow is struck with the outer edge of the hand, from where the wrist begins to the end of the little finger, but the hand must be hardened gradually for it,



PLATE NO. 8.

Exercise No. 8.—This is a great Arm Developer. In the first movement one man forces while his opponent resists, without changing the position of the hands and keeping the wrists as tightly clinched as possible. In the second movement, the one who resisted originally now forces. Do first with one arm and then the other.

cises, there is nothing so productive of good results as walking.

And on this point we come back again to our little brown friends the Japs.

As soldiers they are the greatest marchers in the world, and from youth up they practice walking most assiduously.

As boys they cover great distances on foot, often making pilgrimages of from fifty to sixty miles simply for the benefit to be derived from the exercise.

It hardens the muscles of the entire body, develops the lungs and strengthens the legs.

So, if you want good legs walk for them.

Cover the ground with an easy stride and breathe deeply, and any little worries or troubles you may have will soon vanish.

Of course, this does not mean that you are to neglect all leg exercises, but it does mean that the more you walk the better—all other things considered—your health will be.

Fresh air is better for a man than all the medicine he can get into his system, and there is where one of the advantages of walking comes in.

There is a little side lesson in Jiu-Jitsu which has not yet been touched but which is most important and cannot afford to be overlooked.

It is the development of the hands for striking purposes—not punching with the clenched fist.

and it can be done in this way. Sit at a table and strike it with the outer edge of both hands alternately, using the same motion as a butcher uses when he is chopping meat with a pair of cleavers. Begin easy at first in order not to bruise the hands, and then gradually harden them until they are capable of striking a heavy blow without injury.

This exercise should not be neglected, as it will figure in a great many future lessons, and the blow struck with the edge of the hand is a great deal more severe than a blow with the clenched fist.

But the hand must be well trained and toughened in order to withstand the impact, and the line along the outer edge of the little or fourth finger must always be included in the blow, else there is danger of having the finger broken.

This simple little exercise can be practiced anywhere and at all times.

Don't neglect it for it is very important.

If there is anything about Jiu-Jitsu you don't understand write and ask and your questions will be promptly answered in this column.

Remember that the POLICE GAZETTE is

ALL WRESTLERS NEED IT.

George Bothner, conceded to be the most scientific wrestler in the world, has written a book on the game for the POLICE GAZETTE. Price, 25 cents; postage 4c. extra.

the only publication in the world giving these lessons, and if for no other reason its value ought to be appreciated by those who are interested in physical culture.

The least you can do is to tell your friends about it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. L. Wood, Zanesville, O.—Jiu-Jitsu is conceded to be the highest form of physical culture. An expert can defeat easily an ordinary athlete many pounds heavier.

Pop Matthews, Elizabeth, N. J.—Yukio Tan, the Jap, is now the lightweight wrestling champion of England, having defeated Mellon, the holder of the title.

L. Samuels, Washington, D. C.—Copies of the Fox Athletic Library are 10 cents each, postage extra.

POLICE GAZETTE PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Will you please be so kind as to send me a copy of your POLICE GAZETTE. I used to take them regularly. You are doing more than Yale and Harvard and all the colleges for the upbuilding of the physical manhood of the country.

PROF. H. A. MCKAY, Marietta, Ga.

BURNS HAD THE PUNCH.

Tommy Burns knocked out Hans Erickson, who was touted as an "Unknown," and who has been defeating all comers. Both men were in fine condition, and for the first two rounds the "Unknown" swapped wallop with Burns. In the third round Burns caught the Dane on the point of the jaw with a terrific left swing. That was all. The fight was pulled off at Kemmerer, Wyo., on July 8.

BASEBALL ENTHUSIASTS

Will find in next week's POLICE GAZETTE a double page that will be of more than passing interest. The title is Stars of the Diamond in Action, and fine pictures of many of the leading players are reproduced with all the skill of which the half-tone cut is capable. Order now.

FLANAGAN AND DONAHUE DRAW

In the main bout of ten rounds before the Cambridge A. A., of Cambridge, Mass., on July 18, Jack Flanagan fought a draw with Young Donahue, of Roxbury. The fight was witnessed by 2,000 people.

Donahue did some fine in-fighting, giving Flanagan some severe punishment. The latter had a fine right swing that often connected with his opponent's jaw. Both men put up a grand exhibition of blocking and ducking, together with fast footwork. The first four rounds were slightly in favor of the dark-eyed boy from Roxbury, but the handsome lad from Cambridge came back strong in the last rounds.

George Hayes, of Cambridge, was sent to the mat for keeps by Gus Dumond, of Philadelphia, in the fourth round of a rough battle. Both men are heavyweights and their blows had telling effect.

ENGLISH SWIMMER WANTS A MATCH.

Joey Nuttall, of England, generally conceded to be the greatest swimmer in the world, is now in this country in search of a match. He visited Captain Tom Riley at Coney Island recently and joined the latter in one of his daily long swims. It is possible a match may be arranged between Riley and Nuttall in the near future.

No athlete in the world ever had a record of victories that even approached that held by Joey Nuttall. Starting at the age of twelve, he won the boys' championship of England at Oldham in 1881. From then on until 1890 he won every championship of England and the world in which he competed, never once meeting defeat. There being absolutely no one in the amateur class who could even make Nuttall extend himself, he became a professional in 1891 and has been open to race any one in the world ever since.

Nuttall's record as a professional is even better than as an amateur. He holds nearly every world's record from 100 yards to a mile.

Nuttall beat McCuskey, of Boston, for £500 and the championship of the world at Hollingworth Lake, near Manchester, England, on Aug. 19, 1893, before 30,000 people in the record time of 26 minutes 8 seconds. He also defeated Ernest Cavill, champion of Australia, for £200 and the championship of the world at Doncaster, England, September 6, 1897. His records since he turned professional are: Two hundred yards, 2 minutes 21 seconds; 300 yards, 3 minutes 28 seconds; quarter mile, 5 minutes 35 seconds; 500 yards, 6 minutes 24.25 seconds; 100 yards, 1 minute 1.5 seconds; half mile, 11 minutes 46 seconds. He also won the French race at Leone, France, on July 27, 1903, which was open to the world.

• BASEBALL •

Rube Waddell is waxing fat. He now carries around 207 pounds.

McFarland, of Chicago, is leading the American catchers in fielding.

Wilbert Robinson has retired after a diamond career covering twenty-two years.

Powers and Kittridge must belong to the same lodge. Both use the same chest protector.

Pitcher Joe Corbett has rounded to and is now expected to do great work for the Cardinals.

The St. Louis National League Club has offered \$1,000 to the St. Joseph Club for Second Baseman McBride.

No one was better pleased at Lush's return to bat than the Cleveland players, for he is popular with all the men.

Ham Iberg, the ex-Quaker, with the gravel-train-curve, is now pitching for Portland in the Pacific Coast League.

Sam Crawford is sore on his job at Detroit. He is feeling the burden of being expected to do most of the hitting for the Tigers.

They say that Jake Stahl is playing a great game for Washington. Is he getting ready to be picked up by Boston or by New York?

Toby Lyons claims to have discovered a young phenomenon in Southwell, of Ipswich, who is said to be a second Freddie Parent.

Manager Buckenberger, of the Bostons, says that the league balls are not as good as they were several years ago. He claims they are too dead.

Jimmy Collins is certainly the boss of the third basemen. He handles everything that comes in his direction with the same grace and ease as ever.

Jay Hughes and Rip Van Haltren are up to their knees in sweet clover, for Seattle is within grabbing distance of the top in the far Western League.

The Detroit club is said to be negotiating with Denver for the veteran second baseman, Billy Halman, who appears to be having another lease of life.

Claude Elliott's work as a Giant will be watched with interest by Redlanders, and Hugh Duffy will be one of "the overflow" likely to go one optic on the experiment.

The Brooklyn club has secured Third Baseman Chic Cargio, Pitcher Pastorius and First Baseman McGrawell from the Albany club of the New York State League.

Emil Frick, who came to Redland as a pitcher when Jim Barrett and Norman Eberle were secured from Detroit, is now playing alongside Rip Van Haltren with Seattle.

One of the most severe punishments ever inflicted upon a player was handed Mike Donlin by the Cincinnati management. Donlin was laid off for one month without pay for drinking.

First Baseman Stovall, of the Clevelands, is a brother of the pitcher of that name now with Detroit. He is 6 feet 2 inches in height, and was considered the best batter in the Iowa State League.

Chas. Fallon, whose portrait appears on page 6 of this issue, is playing left field on the crack Newburg, N. Y., baseball team, at which position he has but few equals. His work while with the Kingston and Owning teams in previous seasons was superb, and his admirers in that section of the State are many.



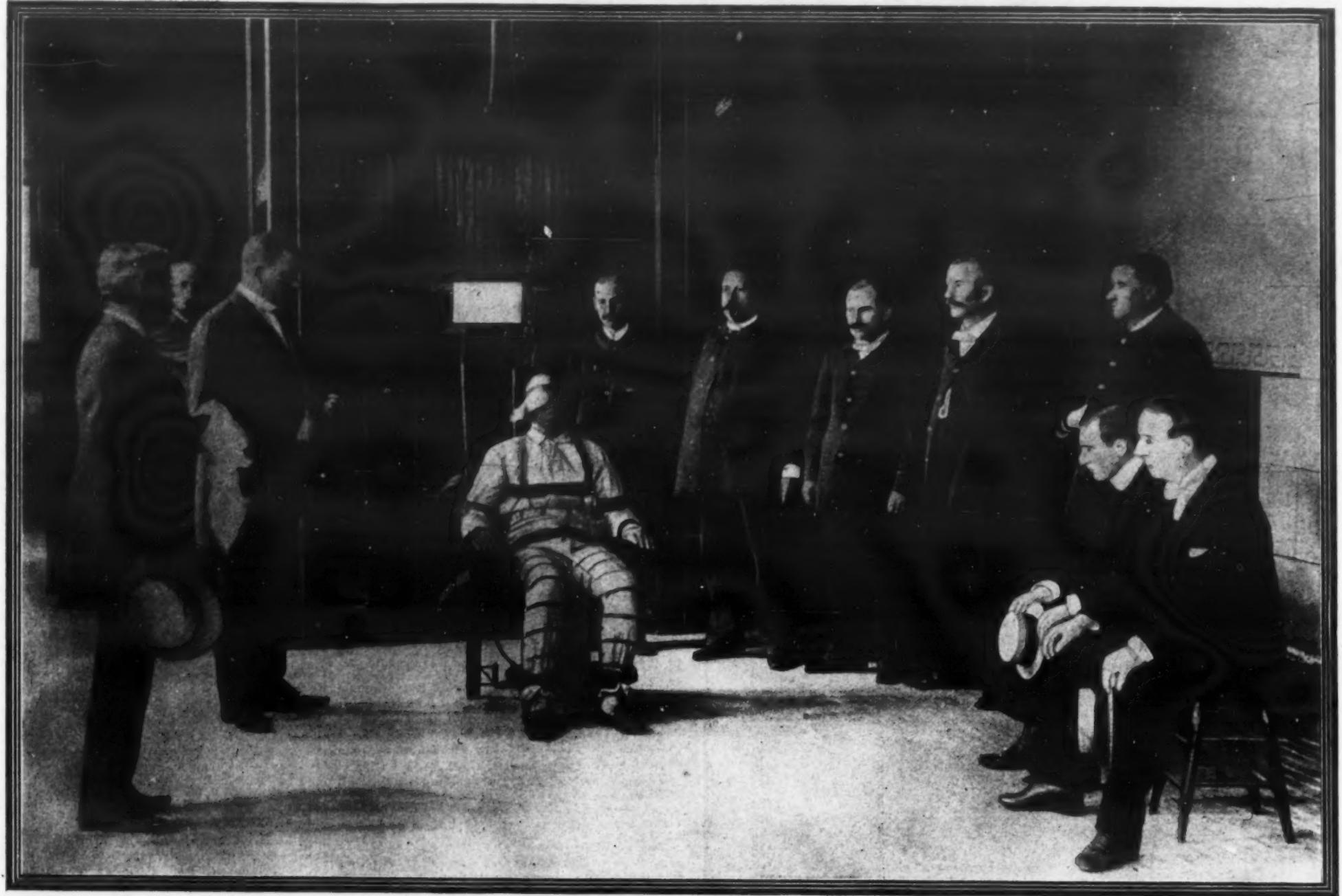
JOSEPH MADDERN AND MONK.

Mr. Maddern is a Member of the Vaudeville Team of Gardner and Maddern, and the Dog is a Thoroughbred Bull.

Baseball magnates of the big league teams have their eyes on him and he will no doubt be signed by some one of the big clubs before the end of the season.

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Agents who want a good thing will do well to look into the possibilities of Fox's Athletic Library. Good books, small prices, quick profits. That's enough.



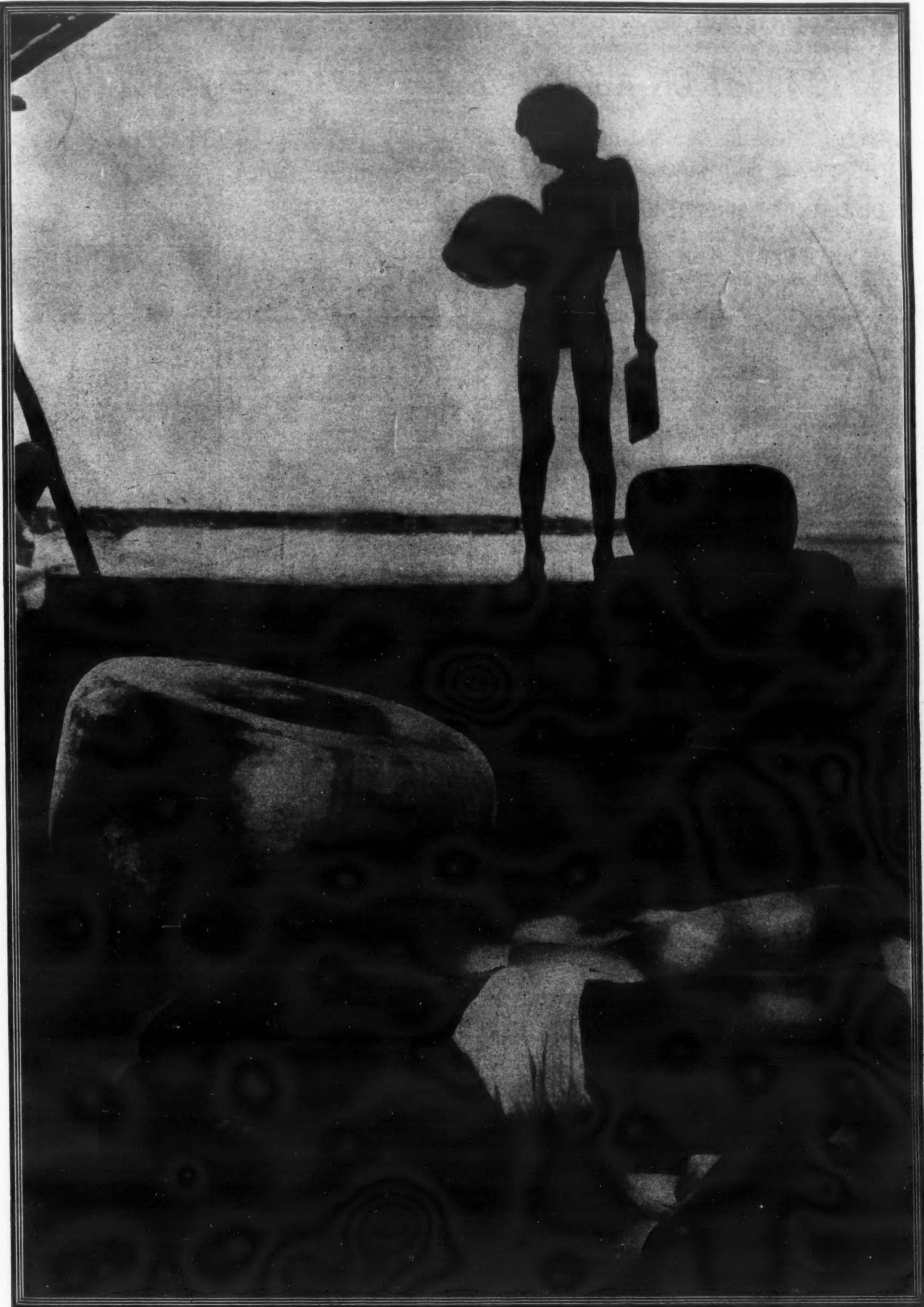
IN THE DEATH CHAIR AT SING SING.

A VIVID AND REALISTIC SCENE WHICH PORTRAYS HOW A CONDEMNED MURDERER IS LEGALLY EXECUTED AT THE FAMOUS OLD PRISON ON THE HUDSON.



A LITTLE GAME BELOW DECKS.

HOW SOME OF UNCLE SAM'S BLUEJACKETS ON THE UNITED STATES SHIP BROOKLYN MANAGE TO BEGUILLE THE TIME AND AMUSE THEMSELVES WHEN OFF DUTY.



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A LITTLE FEAT OF WEIGHT LIFTING.

A MAN OF BENARES, INDIA, WHOSE AGE IS FORTY-SIX YEARS, AND WHO HAS LIVED ON
VEGETABLES ALL HIS LIFE, PUTTING UP A 960-POUND MILLSTONE.

JEFFRIES WILL BE READY

-INJURED KNEE WILL SOON PERMIT OF TRAINING-

TO FIGHT ON AUGUST 26

Jack Munroe Finishes His Wrestling Tour and Resumes Training for the Big Championship Battle.

PHILADELPHIA FIGHT PROMOTERS TRIUMPH IN COURT

Frank Erne Wants to Regain His Championship Laurels--Fitz's Fondness for Pets Gets Him into Trouble--Pugilistic Gossip.

Jim Jeffries is still taking things easy in Los Angeles, Cal. He is said to still limp badly when walking, but this does not prevent him from going about town. He has been warned that he must favor his knee considerably during the early period of his training when he resumes work for his bout with Jack Munroe on August 26. He has been especially warned not to put a sudden strain upon the injured member, such as would come from jumping or a sudden stop after a run. Jeffries has promised to obey these instructions, and his trainers have also been warned not to do anything that may bring on a recurrence of the trouble. The champion said in an interview on the subject:

"It goes without saying that I regretted my inability to meet Munroe on the date originally set, not only because of the disappointment to him and the public, but also on account of other personal arrangements which would have meant several thousand dollars to me. There will be no further postponement, however, and I will be in the ring ready for business on the night of August 26 without fail. I will have to do much of my training all over again, but I will be fit for the fight of my life when I face Munroe. It was hard luck that prevented me from keeping the original date, but it won't occur again. It couldn't have happened to my ankles, they are the strongest part of me, but that left knee never has been well since an enthusiastic friend jumped on my back in San Francisco on the night of the Corbett fight. I slipped and my knee hit the curbstone, and it hasn't been right since."

Now that the smoke of battle has cleared away at St. Louis, will some one look around and see if there is any trace of Tom Sharkey's championship aspirations.

Taking it all in all, it was perhaps a good thing for Jack Munroe that the accident happened which prevented Jim Jeffries, the Goliath of the prize

mains that the young giant from Butte, Mont., was a veritable ping pong ball in his hands. Rogers put the hammerlock on Munroe after mauling the pugilist for eleven minutes, and then won a fall.

Munroe didn't have a look in.

Then came the winning fall. This time Munroe had just one lone peek. He managed to stay thirteen minutes and fifty seconds.

Regarding his bout with Jeffries he has little to say, except that he will be on hand in excellent shape and ready to fight to the best of his ability, and he usually winds up by stating that he thinks his brand will be good enough to win. He has been interviewed a dozen times on his prospects in the coming fight, and has expressed himself as confident of victory. Despite the fact that the postponement of the fight has cost Munroe several hundred dollars, he is cheerful and happy and has made an excellent impression by his happy-go-lucky disposition.

The privilege of holding the Jeffries-Munroe fight in August has been a source of great rivalry between the various clubs in San Francisco and many and varied were the schemes devised for securing the permit. The prize has finally been landed by the Yosemite A. C., the club under whose auspices the mill was originally scheduled.

A few weeks ago some surprise was created by the announcement that the permit committee of the Board of Supervisors had reported in favor of granting the privilege for August to the Hayes Valley A. C. This was as a bombshell in the ranks of the Yosemite Club matchmakers, as they had figured on handling the championship event in August after being compelled to abandon the project in June.

One of the reasons the Hayes Valley Club seemed likely to obtain the favor from the Supervisors was that it had complied with the boxing ordinance in the matter of maintaining a properly equipped gymnasium for its members. The Yosemite Club secured a postponement of further consideration in the board and the whole thing was referred back to the police committee with the result as stated.

There is something extremely mysterious in the influence which prompted the Philadelphia authorities to prohibit the Fitzsimmons-O'Brien bout while permitting at the same time a battle of minor importance between fistic stars of lesser magnitude to take place in public almost within a stone's throw of the City Hall. Fitz and O'Brien were originally to have met at the Philadelphia Baseball Park on July 8, but at the last moment Mayor Weaver, with the police department at his back, refused to allow the men to meet and much to the disgust of the sports who came from nearby cities, the contest was called off. Naturally the promoters of the affair believed they were being unjustly discriminated against and they took the matter into the courts with the result that permission to hold the combat was granted by Judges Audenreld and Carr. They heard testimony in the proceedings instituted by former Mayor Charles F. Warwick praying for an injunction restraining Mayor Weaver and the police department from interfering with the exhibition. Ernest H. Crowhurst is the promoter of the bout, and the proceedings were brought on behalf of him, Fitzsimmons and O'Brien. Warwick fought for two hours before he won. There was much rejoicing at the victory, for had Warwick lost the future of boxing in that city would have been questionable.

Warwick showed the Judges that there would be no violation of the law and they believed him. A full report of the bout will appear in the next issue of the POLICE GAZETTE.

Senator Fairbanks, the Republican vice-presidential nominee, says he can still taste that drink of whiskey he took twelve years ago—Washington Post. What would John L. Sullivan give for a demijohn of the stuff that would leave a twelve-year taste in the mouth?

Frank Erne, of Buffalo, former champion lightweight, has declared his intention of re-entering the roped arena and taking his chances against Jimmy Britt and Young Corbett. Erne was unquestionably one of the cleverest boxers of his time, and his attire so neat and his deportment so gentlemanly, that he acquired the title of the Chesterfield of the ring. And that he could fight was attested by his winning of the lightweight title in a decisive battle from Kid Lavigne and lost afterward to Jimmy Britt. He fought Joe Gans at Fort Erie and lost, but as the men were above the lightweight limit—at least Gans was—the contest could not be called a championship event. Erne had previously beaten Gans in a hard-fought contest, and therefore it was a matter of "even up" between them. Erne has been exercising of late with Bob Fitzsimmons in New York, and his condition is such that he feels confident he can go into the ring again and hold his own with most of the lightweights in the country; in fact, he wants to meet either Jimmy Britt or Young Corbett. However, if Erne is wise he will steer clear

DEVELOP YOURSELF PHYSICALLY. Attila's Five-pound Dumb-bell Exercises, Profusely Illustrated. Limited edition. Send six 2-cent stamps for a copy.

of those two fighters until he tries himself against some good boxer and finds out just how good he is. There have been many star fighters who have imagined they were just as good as ever and tackled the champions, only to discover that they were really not in the same class. Erne may prove an exception to the rule.

Just how serious an offense stealing is was realized by Bob Fitzsimmons the other day when he was "thrust in durance vile," whatever that meant in medieval days, charged with purloining nothing less than a lion. Frank Bostock, the animal king, was the man from whom the alleged purloining was done. According to his story, Fitzsimmons and a party of friends, including Senator William H. Reynolds, visited the animal arena in Dreamland, Coney Island, the other night. Bostock exhibited to the pugilist two prize cub horns, and while doing so one of them escaped from the leash. Fitzsimmons chased the animal around the building until he captured it and then, according to Bostock, left the building, the cub in his arms.

Fitzsimmons says Senator Reynolds, who is proprietor of Dreamland, told him that he might have the lion and that no objection was made by Bostock when he took the cub away.

A day or two later Fitzsimmons came to Coney Island from his home in Bensonhurst, leading the cub. Bostock was told that the animal was nearby. He went to the police station and made a complaint against Fitzsimmons. Late in the afternoon four detectives found Fitz at the Brighton Beach race track. Fitz made no resistance and walked meekly to the station house.

Finding himself in a cell, however, Fitzsimmons' rage broke loose and his denunciation of Bostock was emphatic.

"It's an outrage," said the pugilist after his release on bail. "I won't give back that cub if I have to serve time for it."

And then Bostock's press agent lit the pipe again, remarking as he did so:

"Fine work. Fine work."

A box of "James J. Jeffries" cigars reached me the other day. They rank with—Oh, what's the use?

"Any old thing to see a fight," said the leader of a bunch of wise 'uns as they descended to the subterranean depths of New York's famous subway the other night in search of fistic entertainment. Ever since the Horton law went out of existence fight promoters in the metropolis have been at their wit's ends to find suitable places in which to pull off fights. The big clubs on Broadway gave the swell ring patrons a bad habit and as they refuse to go out of town for barn fights, insist upon the ring being pitched somewhere along the big alley, or not far away from it. Every available spot had been utilized until the other night, when some bright mind suggested the as yet untenanted underground railway, and thither a group of fifty of the faithful wended their way. The advance guard laid a trail with red lanterns from the entrance at Forty-second street and Broadway to a point down Broadway about under Kid McCoy's.

Then a ring was quickly constructed with loose boards laid across the tracks. Then Kid Doyle and Jack Walker and the spectators were brought from a nearby cafe, where they were waiting, and were led down the lane of lanterns to the impromptu arena.

The fight was hot and heavy while it lasted. But early in the fourth round, as Doyle was coming head on, full tilt in a hard rush, Walker met him with a crashing right uppercut on the jaw that nearly sent Doyle up through the roof into Broadway. He was out fully ten minutes, during which time the gathering diffused down along the brilliant part of Broadway to talk about it.

Thinking we might be dull for the next few weeks Jim Corbett has begun talking fight again.

Not very glowing are the stories told by the pugilistic pilgrims of their treatment in England. Jimmy Walsh, of Boston, is the latest transatlantic traveler to return with a bunch of hard luck tales. Walsh recently fought Digger Stanley, the well known English bantam, twice, and on each occasion, according to the cabled reports of the mill, got the worst of the verdict. Walsh is sore over his reception abroad and among other things said:

"Pugilism in England is on the wane. I would advise any American pugilist to steer clear of England at present. As you know already I was robbed twice in my contests with Digger Stanley. No matter how hard I tried to win, I could not, because the clique that runs the boxing game over there won't let you. Several gamblers have got control of the sport and they are running it to suit themselves. They admit that we hold the palm as far as fighting is concerned, but the decisions are cooked up beforehand. Unless you knock your man dead you cannot win. You've got to knock him out clean and for a long time to get first money. If you don't they will give your opponents plenty of time to come to and fight it out. In this country I could whip fellows of Stanley's stamp three times a night in the same ring; but in England with the influence behind him, there is no chance of whipping him, unless, as I have said, you put him away for the treble count."

Look out for another giant candidate for fistic championship honors in the person of "Yank" Rogers, who defeated Munroe on the mat in Buffalo recently. Rogers is thinking seriously of donning the mitts and going after some of the big fellows. He thinks that if Munroe, who is making a success as a pugilist, can wrestle as well as he does, there is no reason why a wrestler should not succeed as a scrapper.

Rogers, who stands over six feet and weighs more than 200 pounds in condition, is no novice with the gloves and should be able to hold his own with some of the heavies. In an interview recently he said:

"Yes, it is a fact that I am going to try for honors and money with the gloves. I once challenged Munroe to fight me. He was down at Worcester when I was at Fitchburg, just a few months after I beat Sandy Ferguson. Our club at Fitchburg offered to put Munroe on with me and I challenged him, but his manager, Clark Ball, said Jack had other dates to fill. I have always had an idea that I could give the miner quite an argument with the gloves. In fact I think so now, and if Jeffries kicks him I will be glad to give Jack a whirl. Of course if Munroe beats Jeff I don't suppose he will bother with me. Just the same I am going to start out on the trail of these big mitt artists after I have won a few more good wrestling matches."

SAM C. AUSTIN.

HILDEBRAND, THE JOCKEY

Has Proved to be Greater Than All the Eastern Jockeys.

Eugene Hildebrand, the clever little rider, who first came into prominence as a good handler of thoroughbreds at the Oakland and Ascot Park meetings during the winter, and who came East in the spring, leads all other riders in the list of winning mounts, having ridden over seventy winners since his first race at the Aqueduct meeting.

In addition to Aqueduct, he has ridden at Jamaica, Morris Park, Gravesend and Sheepshead Bay, and this list of winning races includes the races at Brighton



EUGENE HILDEBRAND.

Beach where he is still riding. His services are at present in great demand, and it is a rare thing for a day to pass without four to six mounts being offered to him.

His greatest number of winners in one day was at Sheepshead Bay on June 18, when he rode four, bringing Workman, Flyback, Ort Wells and Armenia home ahead in the first, third, fourth and fifth races. Should he continue in this form he will eclipse the record of any other rider, as he has up to the present day ridden more than one hundred and fifty winners this year, including his winning mounts at the California tracks in the winter.

The next ride to Hildebrand is Cormack. Herbert Phillips, the leading rider at the New Orleans track, is third on the list, and he has shown some of the form which placed him at the top on the Southern track. Willie Shaw, Tommy Burns and O'Neill are next in order, with only a few winning mounts between them, while Johnny Martin and Redfern are beginning to get into their stride of riding winners. Odom, Crimmins, Lyne and Fuller have ridden from twelve to fourteen winners each.

FOUGHT WITH A BROKEN WRIST.

Henry Center, of Chicago, was given the decision over "Blood," colored welter champion of the South, after the tenth round of what was to have been a twenty-round bout fought at Savannah, Ga., July 13. "Blood" broke his right wrist in the ninth round, and after finishing that and going the whole of the tenth he was forced to quit.

Up to the time of the accident "Blood" had made the better showing, that is, during the first six rounds, when he found no difficulty in landing hard swings to the stomach and ribs. In the third he landed a right swing to the jaw that staggered Center, but the gong ended the round before the advantage could be followed. The Chicago fighter paid no attention to any part of the anatomy of his opponent except the face. He landed repeatedly, short, chopping blows that in a short time had closed "Blood's" left eye. Both men were strong at the end of the tenth. "Blood," to show that he was not a quitter, stripped off the glove and showed the crowd his injured arm.

THE FIGHTING ROOSTER.

The "Police Gazette Cocker's Guide," 25 cents, will tell you how to breed, train and handle them. Postage 2 cents extra.

FRANK BOWERMAN.
A Crack Catcher of the New York Nationals who has few, if any, equals at the game.

ing from fighting him last month. Munroe is losing no sleep and, incidentally, he is not losing any money, either. The former amateur boxer and football player has made a hit as a wrestler and has more dates to meet aspiring mat artists than Jenkins and Hackenschmidt combined. No matter what city he stops off at, there is always some local wrestler who wants to take a chance with the burly miner from Butte, and where there is a fair-sized purse in sight he is never loath to grapple with such opponents. It goes without saying that Munroe gets the large end of the purse, win or lose, and incidentally it may be mentioned that he generally wins. Munroe has devoted more time to wrestling during the past year than he has to fighting, and as a result he is a formidable opponent on the mat.

He did, however, pick up the hot end of a bad match one night last week in Buffalo, when he tackled Yankee Rogers, a local grasper. Whether the Yank was a "ringer" or not nobody knows, but the fact re-

FINE FREE SUPPLEMENT NEXT WEEK--KID MURPHY, NEW YORK'S GREAT 105-POUND BOXER

INFORMATION BUREAU OPEN

—WE ANSWER INTRICATE QUESTIONS—

FOR GAZETTE READERS

If You Wish to Know Anything About Pugilism, Athletics, Yachting, Racing or Trotting, Ask Us.

DON'T HESITATE TO SEND A LETTER OF INQUIRY.

We Like to Air Our Knowledge and Are Always Pleased to Give You Accurate Information to Settle Various Wagers.

B. G. N., Phoenix, Ariz.—Who put the curved ball first into use?....Bobby Matthews.

W. L. E., Norfolk, Va.—What is the address of Joe Gans?....17 East Fayette Street, Baltimore, Md.

R. M. W., Auburn, N. Y.—Is Tommy Ryan middleweight champion?....He is so recognized.

S. W., Pittsburgh, Pa.—What is the average wages paid to an outfielder or infielder in the National League?....\$2,000 a season.

J. B., Cannonsburg, Pa.—Send six two-cent stamps for "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," containing full record of Fitzsimmons.

M. H., Newark.—A bet that Gus Ruhlin wrestled more than twenty-four times in public?....No record of his wrestling matches is kept.

H. H., Belt, Mont.—I have heard some people say you should rub down after exercising?....A brisk rubbing with a rough towel will suffice.

J. S., New Haven, Conn.—Tell me the man's name who engages singers for public parks?....Apply to President of the Board of Public Parks.

M. S., Cleveland, O.—Where can I get a gloss paper for decorating Indian clubs?....Any stationer in your city ought to be able to supply you.

T. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.—How can I find Arthur Gardner, the professional bicycle rider?....Care of A. G. Batchelder, 150 Nassau street, New York city.

E. S. J., Norfolk, Va.—Did Pete Delaney ever spar with John L. Sullivan in Jackson, Miss.?....No record of it. Sullivan and Dempsey never met in the ring.

W. F. E., Chicago.—Did Monroe knock Jeffries down in their four-round contest?....Referee of the contest says Monroe did not knock Jeffries down.

J. McC., Independence, Kan.—Inform me when, where and how often Fitzsimmons and Corbett fought?....Once. See "Police Gazette Sporting Annual;" six two-cent stamps.

A. S., Columbus, O.—What is the average salary received by leading comic opera stars?....There is no such thing as an average salary. Depends upon an artist's capabilities.

T. A., Paterson, N. J.—A bet that the ropes were cut at the Heenan and Sayers fight; B bet that the ropes broke through some other cause?....The ring was broken into maliciously.

Anxious, New York.—A bet that Police Commissioner William McAdoo and William McAdoo, president of the New Jersey tunnel are not the same man; B bets they are?....They are not.

T. Connolly, Bayonne, N. J.—Your question was answered at the time. Value depends upon the coin's rarity and demand. Maybe a small premium. Consult a coin dealer in New York city.

H. P. G., Cataquaqua, Pa.—In regard to shoveling left-handed or right-handed, some said using left hand nearest to shovel is right-handed, others said it was left-handed?....Using it in the manner you describe is left-handed.

Subscriber, Grand Rapids.—A bet that Fitz whips O'Brien; O'Brien fights him a draw; who would win the money; there was no draw mentioned in this bet; if O'Brien fights him a draw doesn't B win?....Your explanation is right; B would win.

H. M., Paterson, N. J.—A bet that at the fight between Heenan and Sayers the crowd broke down the ropes, while B bets that the ropes were cut maliciously. Who wins?....What is the difference? The crowd broke into the ring and interfered with the fight.

Ed. McV., Memphis, Tenn.—M bets F that Fitzsimmons weighed 168 pounds or more when he fought James J. Jeffries last time?....What weight did McGovern and Dixon fight at in their championship battle?....No official weights were taken. 2. 122 pounds.

F. H. V., Marietta, O.—Give me the address of a good academy of bare-back and high school riding?....There is no such school in New York city. Write to Superintendent, Barnum & Bailey, Bridgeport, Conn., for information on the subject.

Gene, East Grand Forks, Minn.—July 4, two games of baseball between Grand Forks and Winnipeg; A bet that the total score of Grand Forks will be larger than the total score of Winnipeg; B takes the bet; result of two games—the score?....A loses on a technicality.

A. C., Jersey City, N. J.—Let me know if an Italian comes to this country, and never been a citizen of the United States, has a son, born in this country, or son, at the age of twenty-one, is entitled to a vote or not?....An American goes to Italy, has son born there, is son an Italian subject or not?....1. Yes. 2. Can claim United States citizenship.

G. S., Coplay, Pa.—We had a raffle here; the highest throw took first prize and the second highest throw took second; we had two forty-fours and two forty-threes; does the two forty-fours win the two prizes, or must the forty-fours throw off for the first prize and the two forty-threes throw off for the second?....The two forty-four throw off for first and second prizes, and the two forty-threes throw off for third prize.

J. C., Johnstown, N. Y.—In casino, A and B are partners, C and D are partners; A builds a five; C plays to board; B builds a second five by playing a card from his hand to a card on board and places said second five on his partner's (A's) original five, calling them a pair of fives, thus precluding the possibility of D's building upon either or otherwise using them; B, however, has a five-spot to back his build; has B the right to call the two builds a pair?....Yes.

and clean from the first. Honors were even up to the fourth, when Bryson had Burns groggy from several blows to the head. In the fifth Bryson forced the fighting and sent Burns to the floor three times. It was a heavy blow on the jaw that put him to sleep.

BASEBALL FANS

Will appreciate the double page which will appear in next week's POLICE GAZETTE, for it will show many of the best players before the public to-day as they appear when at work on the diamond. Your favorite player may be there. Look out for him.

CATCHER BOWERMAN.

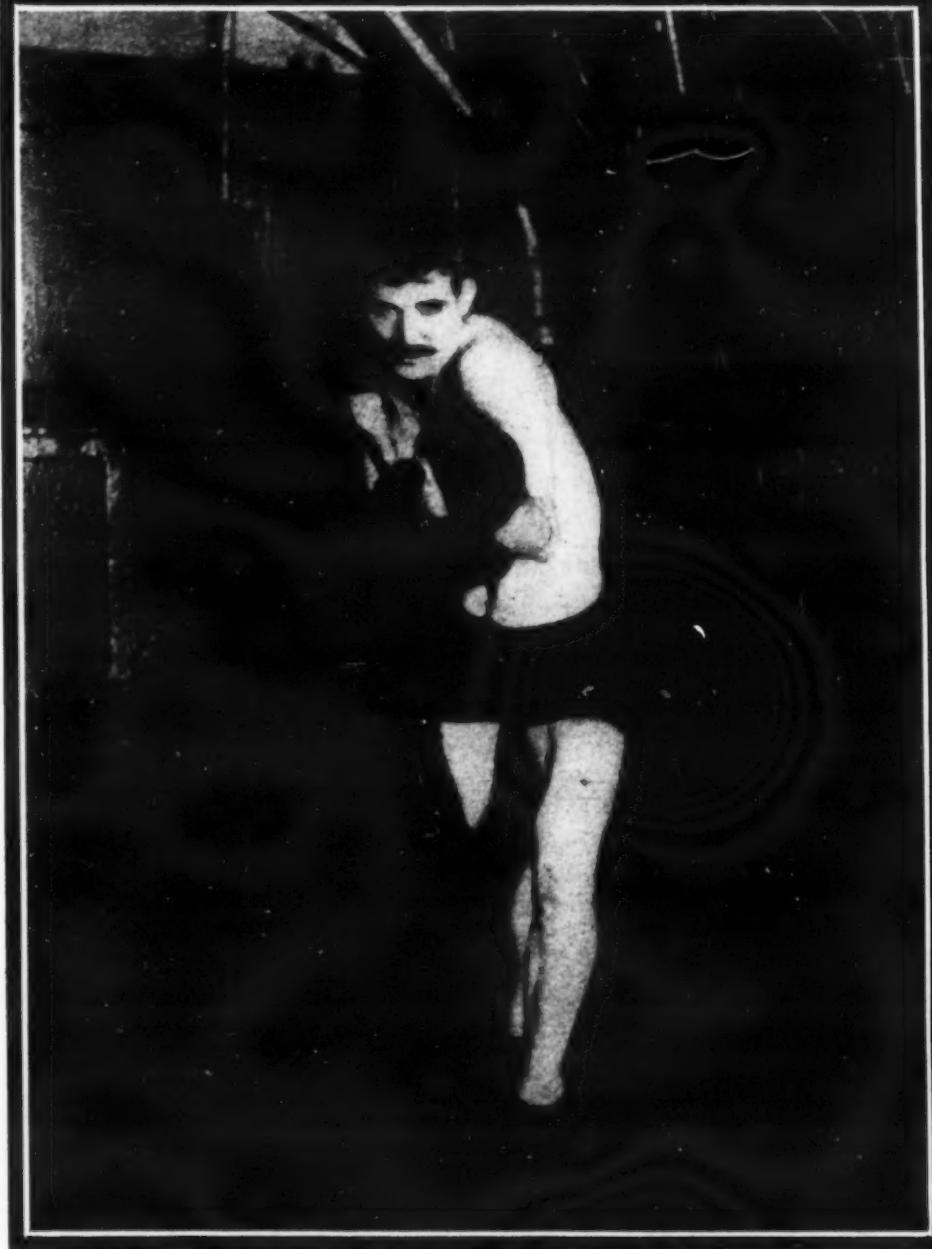
[WITH PHOTO.]

Frank Bowerman, the Giants' hard-working backstop, whose portrait appears on the opposite page, says he will not play professional ball again after the present season is over. Frank has said this before, but has always changed his mind at the start of a new season.

Bowerman said he wanted to quit the diamond last season, but was prevailed upon to play ball again at an increase of salary after the St. Louis Cardinals had offered him a big salary to play in the World's Fair town.

Bowerman is getting more money for playing with the Giants this season than two-thirds of the players in the big leagues, but he has come to the conclusion that his business in Rome, Mich., needs his attention, and as a result he says he has decided to abandon the sport forever after this season and confine himself to managing his business interests. Bowerman owns considerable timber land at his home.

The news that Bowerman is to quit the diamond will no doubt be received with much regret by the fans throughout the country, as there is not a ball town on



SAILOR BURNS, U. S. F. S. OLYMPIA.

"We are willing to Match him Against any Boxer in the Fleet at 140 pounds, and have Money to Bet that he can Beat Anyone at the Weight who will Put on the Padded Mits and Get in the Ring with him.—E. H. McCool."

trumps and stands; A claims he's out, so does B. Who wins, A or B?....1. If nothing was said about ace being high, the five full was the winner even if the deuces pair had remained to make an ace full. 2. A wins.

T. A. E., Milwaukee, Wis.—In a three-handed game of pinochle; A leads and captures the trick, leads again and captures the second trick, but does not regain the cards or second trick from the middle of table; B wants to see the first trick; A refuses to show the trick, claiming that the capture of the second trick debarred him from the right; B claims that the fact of the cards of second trick not having been removed from middle of the table gave him the right to see the first trick; A claims not. Which is right?....B wins. A player has the right to see the last trick until the next one is turned down.

JOHNNY BURNS TAKES A NAP.

Johnny Bryson, of Waltham, Mass., knocked out Johnny Burns, of New York at Elmwood Hall, Rockland, Me., July 12, in the fifth round of what was scheduled as a ten-round bout. The fighting was fast.

SAM AUSTIN'S BOXING BOOK.
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the circuit where the big backstop is not a favorite with the fans because of his great work behind the bat and with the stick.

McGraw will probably try to induce Bowerman to play with the Giants next year, and the clever little manager may succeed. Let's hope he will.

WILKESBARRE, PA., CELEBRITIES

[WITH PHOTOS.]

George Becker, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., a bowler whose score is always around the 200 mark, recently won the championship of Wilkesbarre with an average of 212 for three games, and he is willing to meet anyone on the alleys of Liem's Bowling Academy.

William Bresser is a bowler whose high score is 278, and in 31 games played he had an average of 185. He challenges anyone in Northeastern Pennsylvania. He is an attendant at Liem's Bowling Academy.

William J. Meister, manager of Liem's Bowling Academy, won the championship of Scranton with an average of 182 for 30 games. His three-game average was 212, and his high score was 292. He challenges anyone in the United States.

Wilkesbarre has a great baseball team in Stafford and Trainor's players, who claim the championship of the State. They have been putting up a great game so far this season.

CHALLENGES

[If you desire to issue a challenge of any kind, send it to be published in this column. The "Police Gazette" will hold your forfeits and help you to make a match. If you have a good photograph of yourself send that in too.]

Otto Vogel, of Manitowoc, Wis., issues a challenge to ride a race on unicycles.

The Dingles Baseball team is ready to make matches out of town.—C. W. Brenneisen, Manager, Kansas City, Kan.

Maupas, the French champion heavyweight wrestler, is open to meet any man in the world at Greco-Roman style.

I am ready to back Ross Graden, whose record is 9½, against any 100-yard sprinter in Colorado.—R. St. John, Lamar, Col.

William Bresser, a young bowler of Wilkesbarre, Pa., whose high score is 278, is ready to meet any bowler in Northeastern Pennsylvania.

Kid Murphy, the 105-pound boxer of New York, finds it difficult to get any of the little fellows to meet him and is willing to give away a few pounds.

William J. Meister, who is the manager of Liem's Bowling Academy at Wilkesbarre, Pa., issues a challenge to any bowler in the United States.

Tascott, the world's greatest Ethiopian delineator, who holds the "Police Gazette" coon shooting medal for 1904, issues a challenge to all coon shouters in the United States.

Harmonica players, who would like to compete in a contest, can be accommodated by George Raymond, who claims the championship and issues a challenge to anyone in the East.

Harry Hafner, the Brooklyn featherweight, who has met and defeated some of the best men in that division, has returned to the ring, and is ready to meet any man in the world.

Warren Travis, the "Police Gazette" champion back lifter, and holder of the diamond medal emblematic of the title, is still waiting to hear from the many back lifters and barb none at the game.

E. Ugarteche, a Mexican, has arrived in St. Louis, and wants to meet some of the Americans on the mat at Greco-Roman style. He can be addressed at 2627 Washington avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Lawrence Pierque, of Fort Dodge, Ia., a pupil and nephew of Champion Frank Gatch, is anxious to meet anyone on the mat at 158 pounds, and John Stafford, of that city, will post a forfeit to bind a match.

Young O'Toole, of St. Louis, Mo., issues a challenge to any of the 110-pound boxers in the World's Fair City and vicinity. Kid Hukep preferred, and can be addressed care of B. Ryan, 2325 Cass avenue, St. Louis.

I, the undersigned, manager of Jimmy Smith, claim for him the title of individual bowling champion, and am ready to match him against anyone in the world for \$500 a side.—"Shorty" Raymond, 402 Park avenue, Brooklyn.

I will challenge, on behalf of Prof. J. Canale, any master of fencing in America to a combat with foil or daggers for a side bet of \$100; Prof. Pavene, of Washington, preferred.—L. E. Valtutto, 28 West avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

Joe Baker, the Harlem bantamweight, has grown ambitious, and has issued a challenge for a bout with such men as Tommy Feitz, Chick Tucker or George Hoey. He will meet them for any side bet they wish and under any reasonable conditions.

Max Muller, champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler of Germany, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office last week, having just arrived from England where he defeated some of the cracks in the heavyweight division. He is desirous of meeting some of the big men in this country and can be addressed in care of this office.

THE KIND COPS SAVED MAHER.

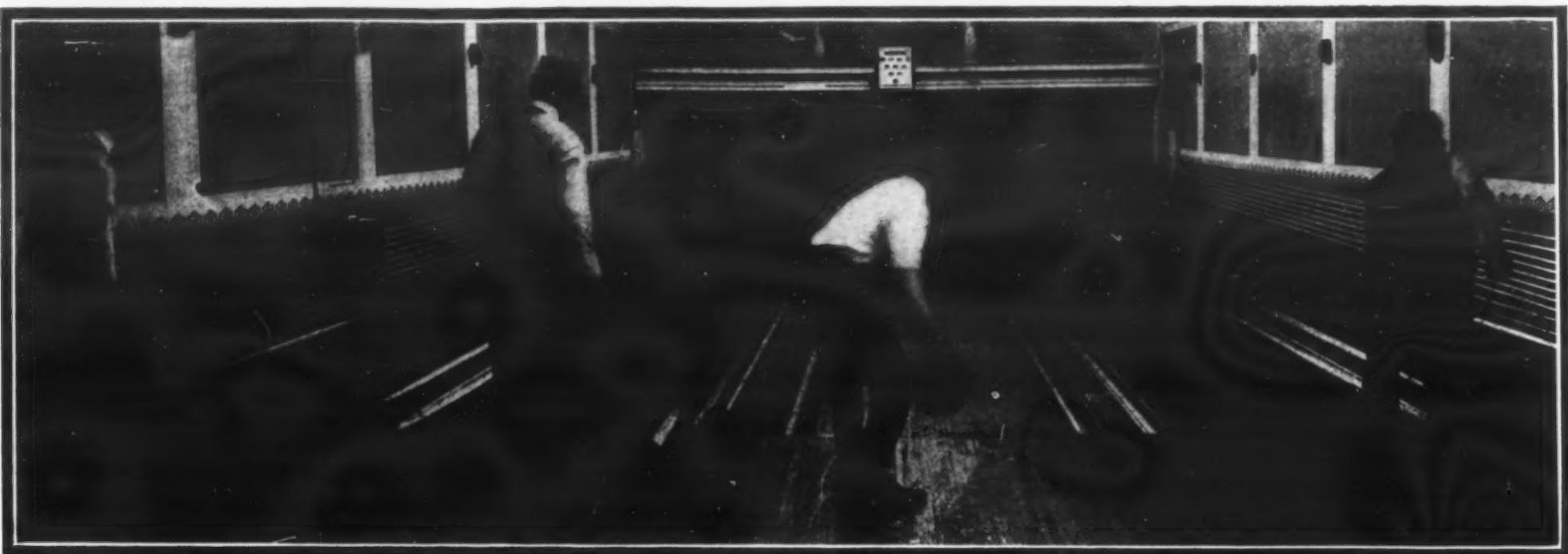
Only the action of the police saved Peter Maher the humiliation of a knockout at the hands of Jack Williams at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, July 14.

When these two men met a short time ago and Williams stowed Peter away in one round, Maher said it was a fluke, and asked for a return match. He got it. The men had hardly ceased shaking hands before Williams jabbed his left and hooked his right to the jaw and dropped Peter for the count. Maher arose and tried to fight clever, but Jack was there to rush matters, and, forcing Peter across the ring, again sent him to the floor. Maher was a little unsteady on his pins when he arose, but tried his hardest to fight back. Jack measured him for fair and the gladiator from the "Auld sod" again fell.

Game to the core, Maher arose and rushed to a clinch. Williams shook him off like a rat, and again sent his left crashing against the point of Maher's jaw. The latter dropped like a log and the referee had counted seven when the first round ended.

Maher's seconds worked like beavers on him and Peter had recovered considerably when the second round started. Williams was anxious to end hostilities and immediately began work. Smash, bang to the jaw, and Peter toppled across the ring, barely able to stand up. Time and again did Williams shoot both hands to the head, but he, too, seemed to be getting weak from his own exertions and his blows seemed to be losing force. Peter refused to go down, although at one time he was hanging over the ropes gasping for breath. Lieutenant of Police Thompson, fearing a fatal result might occur, jumped into the ring at this period and stopped the bout. Maher was so far gone that he did not know where his corner was and had to be half carried to his chair.

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WHERE CHAMPIONS MEET.

A SCENE IN LIEM'S BOWLING ACADEMY AT WILKESBARRE, PA., THE FINEST ALLEYS IN THAT PART OF THE COUNTRY WHERE MANY IMPORTANT GAMES ARE BOWLED.



G. W. GIPPERT.
A SALOONIST OF KANSAS CITY.



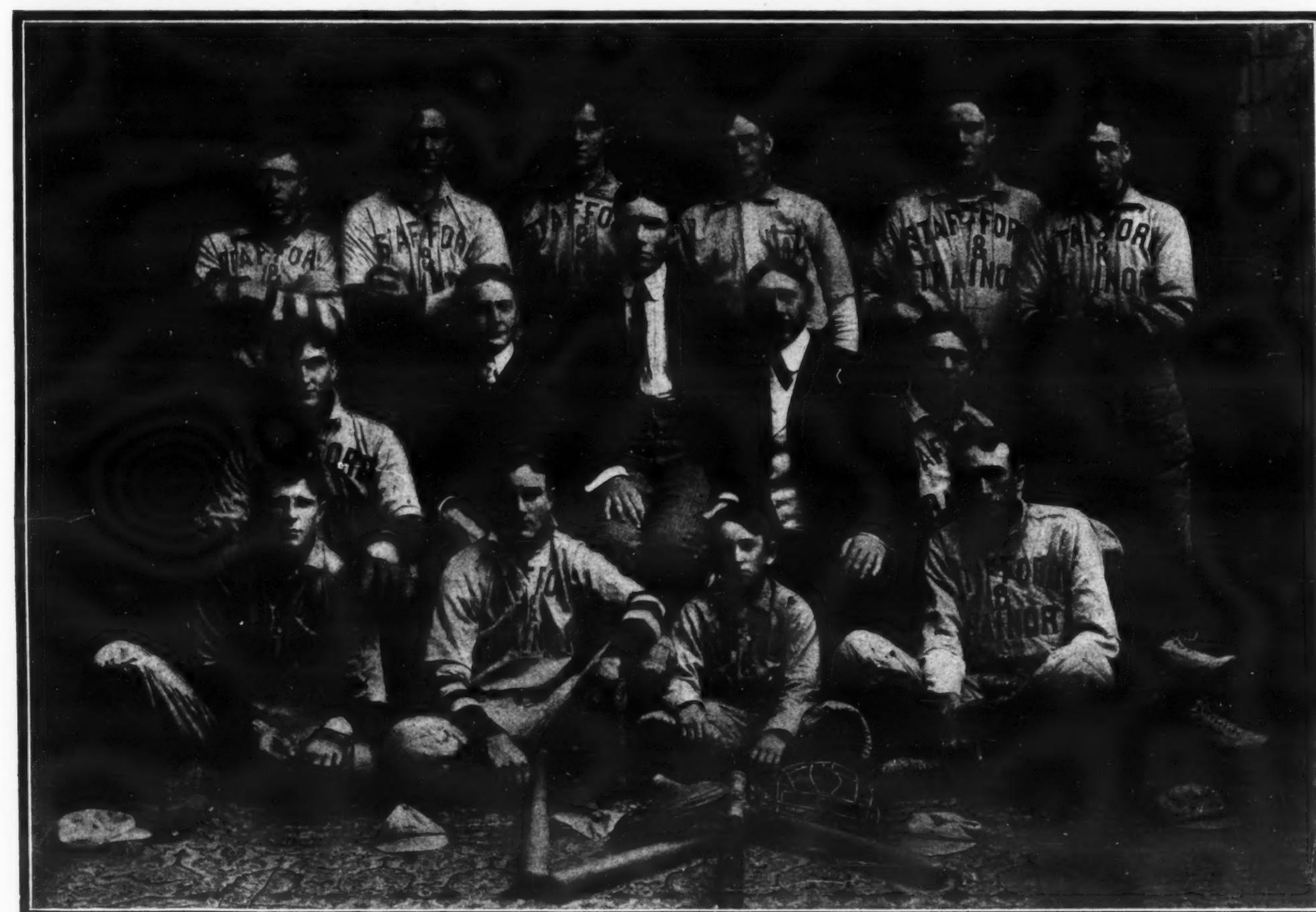
W. BRESSER.
ABLE BOWLER OF WILKESBARRE.



W. J. MEISTER.
ALLEY EXPERT OF SCRANTON.



G. BECKER.
CRACK BOWLER, WILKESBARRE.



THEY ARE ALL GOOD PLAYERS.

THE FAMOUS STAFFORD AND TRAINOR BASEBALL AGGREGATION OF WILKESBARRE, PA., WHOSE FINE RECORD ENTITLES THEM TO THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE STATE.



GEORGE HACKENSCHMIDT.

NOTED WRESTLER WHO RECENTLY DEFEATED TOM JENKINS IN A GRECO-ROMAN MATCH IN ENGLAND AND WILL PROBABLY VISIT AMERICA.

OUR EXPERT TONSORIALISTS

If You Have a Good Photograph of
Yourself Send it Along.



Russell Belliotti, of 334 Broadway, Buffalo, N. Y., is a well-known tonsorialist and is, without doubt, one of the most skillful barbers in the Bison City. Mr. Belliotti is a member of numerous societies, and his popularity is due to his pleasing manner.

STARS OF THE DIAMOND.

Look out for the great double page of baseball players in next week's GAZETTE. They are shown as they appear in action in the game. Among them will be Walter Clarkson, the famous Harvard ex-captain, who is now pitching for the New York Americans.

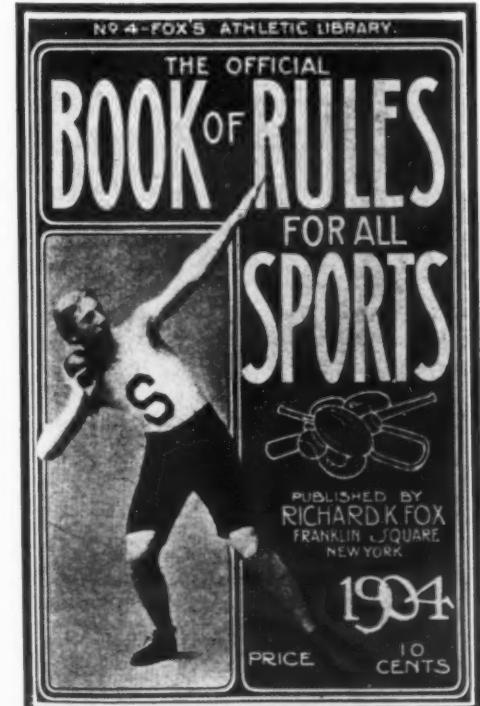
A SUBWAY KNOCKOUT.

So intense is the craze for seeing fights in this city that the sports will resort to any kind of a venture to satisfy their craving. On July 12, however, the limit was just about reached. About fifty dead game real ones, got up a \$100 purse and impressed Kid Doyle and Jack Walker, two local fighters, into service to fight to a finish for it.

They were stumped for a place to hold it when someone suggested sneaking into the subway. No sooner said than done. An advance guard quickly went out on a scout and laid a trail with red lanterns from the entrance at Forty-second street and Broadway to a point down about a block away.

Then a ring was quickly constructed with loose boards laid across the tracks. More boards laid across nail kegs served as box seats. Then the principals and

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I will send to any sufferer of Lost Manhood, nervous debility, weakness, lost memory, varicocele, night losses, insomnia, lost vitality, neurasthenia, nervous prostration, or otherwise imperfect, a recipe for private use that will quickly restore to natural vigor. It cured me and gave me vim, vigor, vitality and ambition to rise from a hardworking shoemaker to a profession in life. I was once a sufferer from all the nerve-racking symptoms of these diseases, and having been cured it is only natural that I should want to lend a helping hand to my fellow sufferer. Address Prof. Geo. W. Howard, 220 Lincoln Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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CACTUS Restores physical ability.
CREAM Gives new youth.
Cactus Cream is an outwardly applied salve. Has only to be gently rubbed in to benefit. One application positively proves its value. Makes weak men strong and strong men stronger. This is the original and only Cactus Cream, and is sent to all parts of the world for \$1.00, box. Sealed sample, 10c, silver. PERRY PRO. CO., FACTORY, LYNBROOK, NEW YORK, U. S. A. We have given up our New York city office.

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Safe, speedy regulator; 25 cents. Druggists or mail. Booklet free. DR. LaFRANCO, Philadelphia, Pa.

LADIES In trouble use our sure remedy. TRIAL FREE Paris Chemical Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

spectators were brought from a nearby cafe, where they were waiting, in single file about twenty feet apart and led down the long lane of lanterns to the impromptu arena.

The fight was hot and heavy, on the lightning order, while it lasted. But early in the fourth round, as Doyle was coming head on, full tilt in a hard rush, Walker met him with a crushing right uppercut on the jaw that nearly sent Doyle up through the roof into Broadway. He was out fully ten minutes, during which the gathering diffused down along the brilliant part of "Main street" to talk about it. Doyle was taken off in a cab, still in a bad way.

JOE YOUNGS PUT OUT BY KELLY.

Knockdowns galore figured in the fight to a finish in a Harlem stable, July 14, between Joe Youngs, of Buffalo, and Jimmy Kelly, two well-known lightweights. In addition to every kind of a known jab, jolt, hook, swing, uppercut and welt, many brand new circus wallop came to light in the slam-bang battle that kept over 400 sports on their feet with excitement from the first bell until Youngs was knocked out in the eighth round.

One could hardly believe that fighting was under the ban in the city. The way the sports flocked from all over and coughed up \$2 a throw to get in made it look like a well-advertised French ball.

And \$2 was cheap. The fight was certainly a ripper, although Kelly had a decided advantage all through.

He scored his first knockdown in the second round and after that he floored Youngs several times more before handing him his slumber-soak in the eighth, but the Buffalo man, when he was on his feet, kept fighting back hard all the time.

There was never a time he wasn't apparently strong enough to knock out Kelly, had the latter not been too shifty on his feet to stay in the path of Youngs' pile-driver swings.

Youngs came up for the eighth round bleeding badly from cuts over the eye and on the lips. Kelly sailed out of his corner with a business air about him.

He went right at Youngs without any defense, determined to end the fight. When the round was half over he hooked a stiff left into Youngs' stomach and before the latter could straighten up, Kelly put him "all aboard for dreamland" with a solid right smash on the jaw. The count was unnecessary. Youngs could not hear it.

BLOOD POISON

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FACT TWO—The Cook Remedy Co. is the only company or medical association in existence that has been treating Blood Poison long enough to know that its patients are cured to stay cured.

FACT THREE—The Cook Remedy Co. has many patients who were cured by its magic remedy eighteen years ago, who are today sound and well.

FACT FOUR—Many patients that were cured by the Cook Remedy Co. eighteen years ago now have children grown to manhood and womanhood in perfect health and without a blemish.

FACT NINE—Good health is the most important thing in the world to any person.

ABOVE NINE FACTS ARE ABSOLUTELY UNDENIABLE.

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Blood Poison begins usually with a little blister or sore, then swelling in the groins, a red eruption breaks out on the body, sores and ulcers appear in the mouth, the throat becomes ulcerated, the hair, eyebrows and lashes fall out, and as the blood becomes more contaminated,

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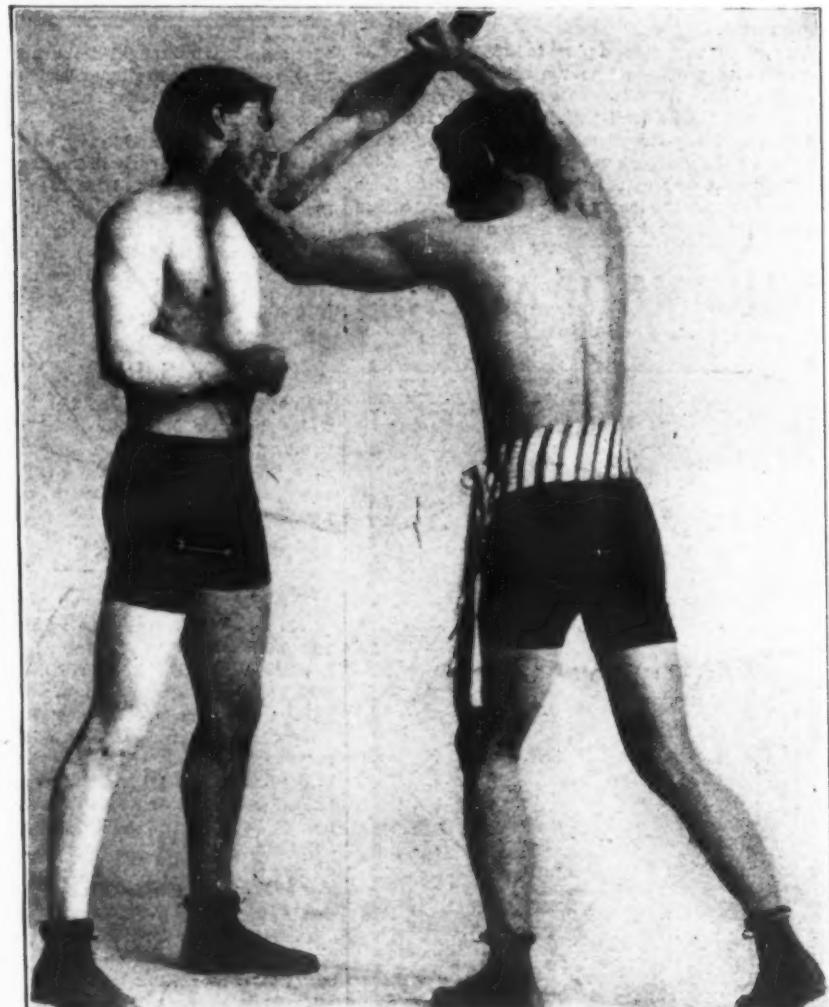
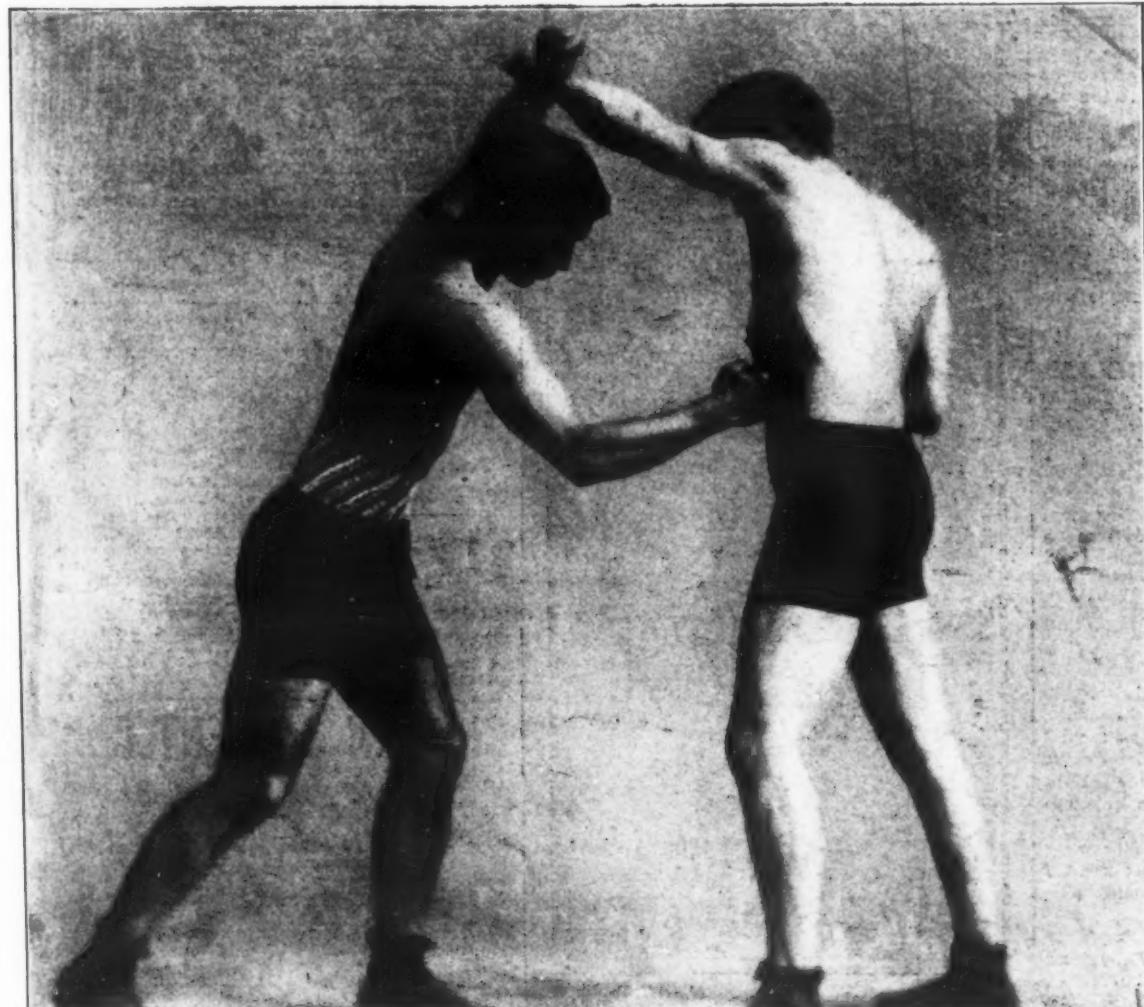
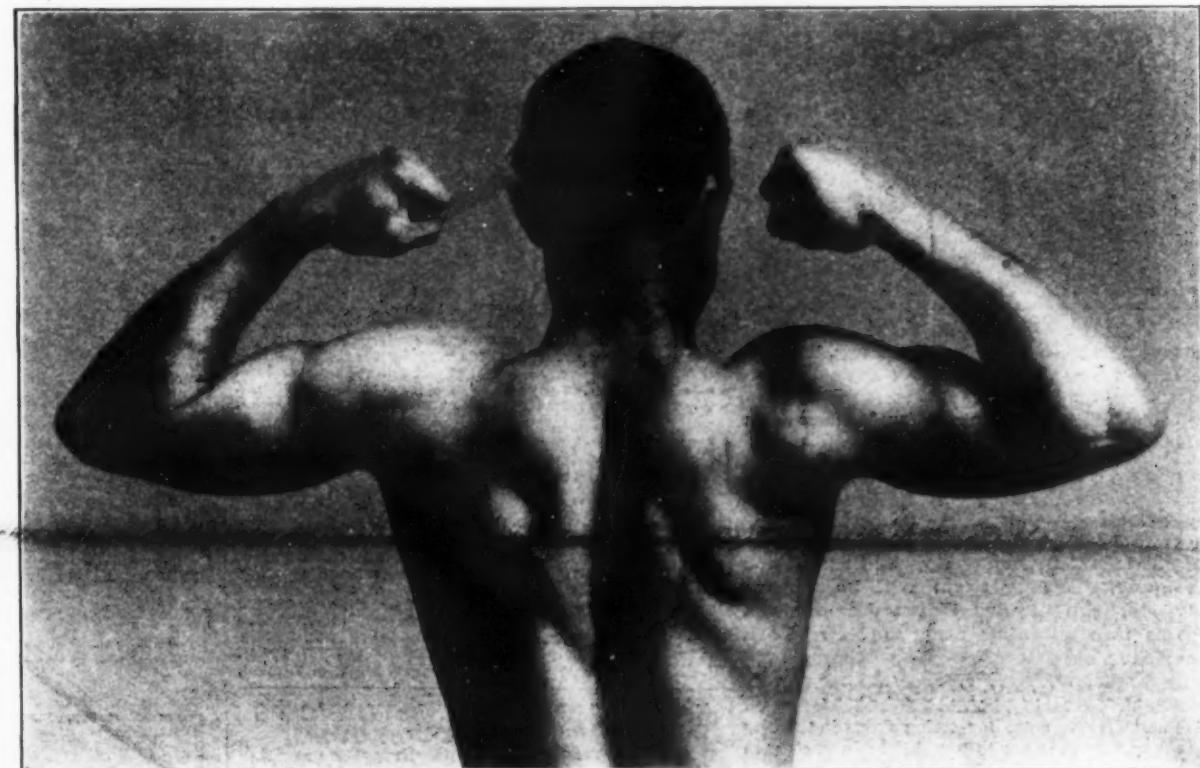
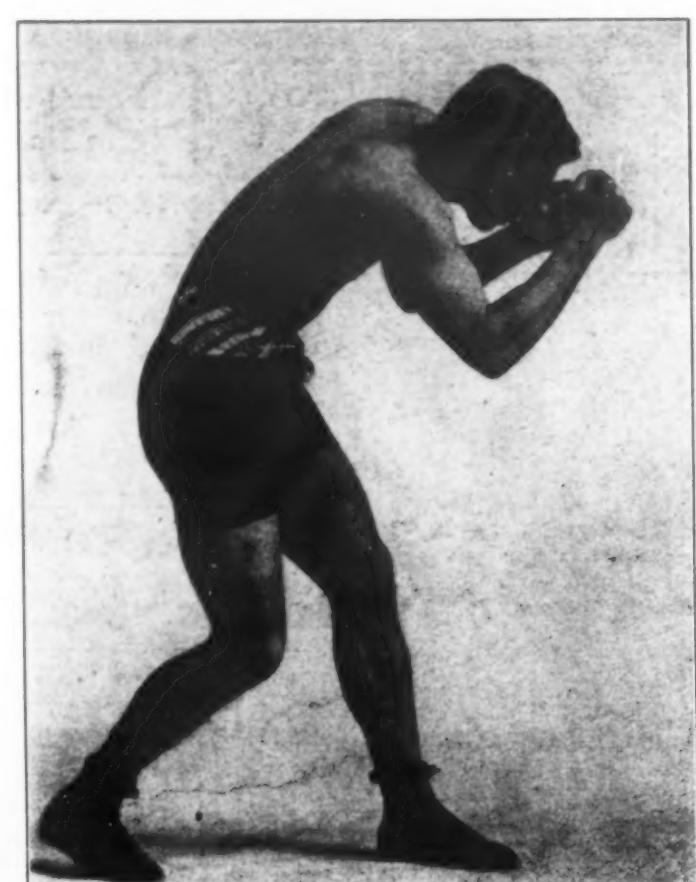
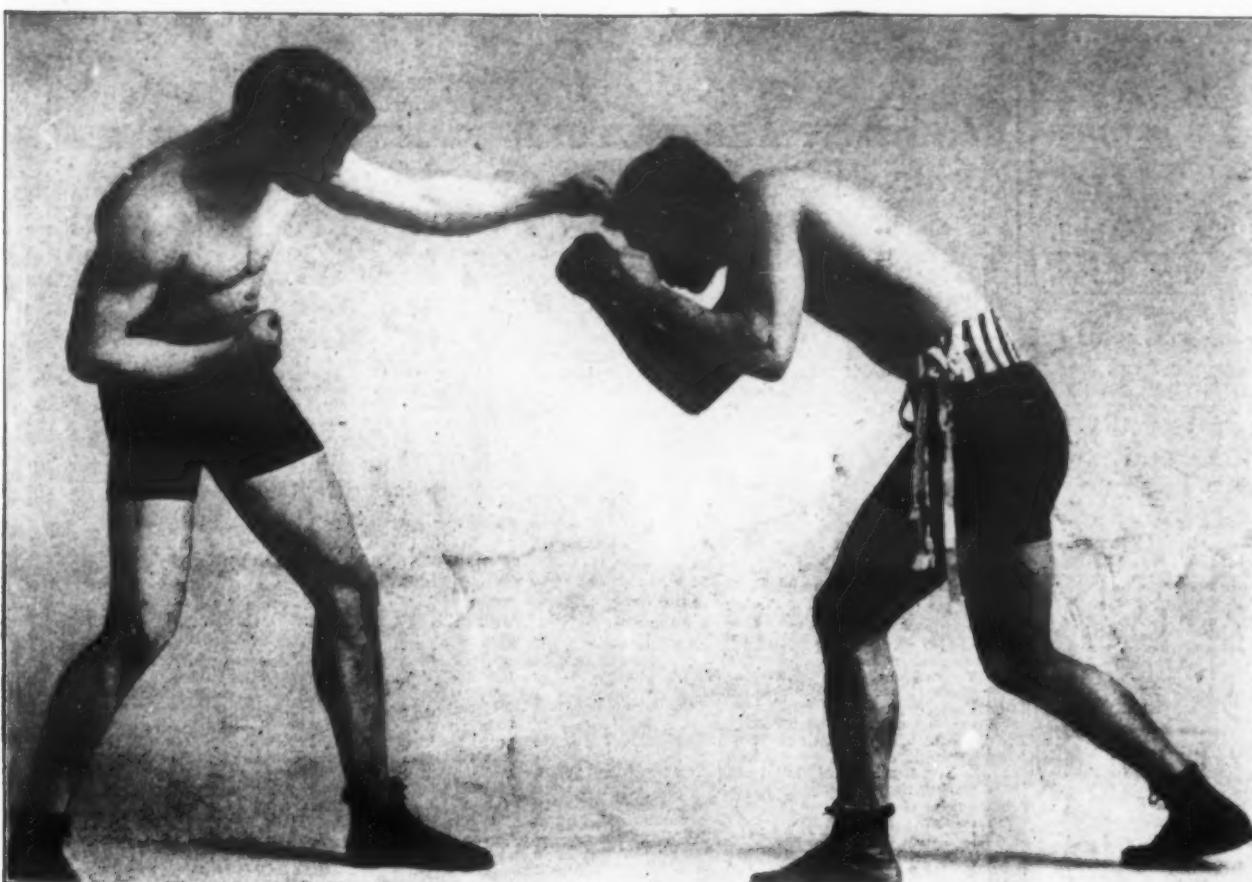
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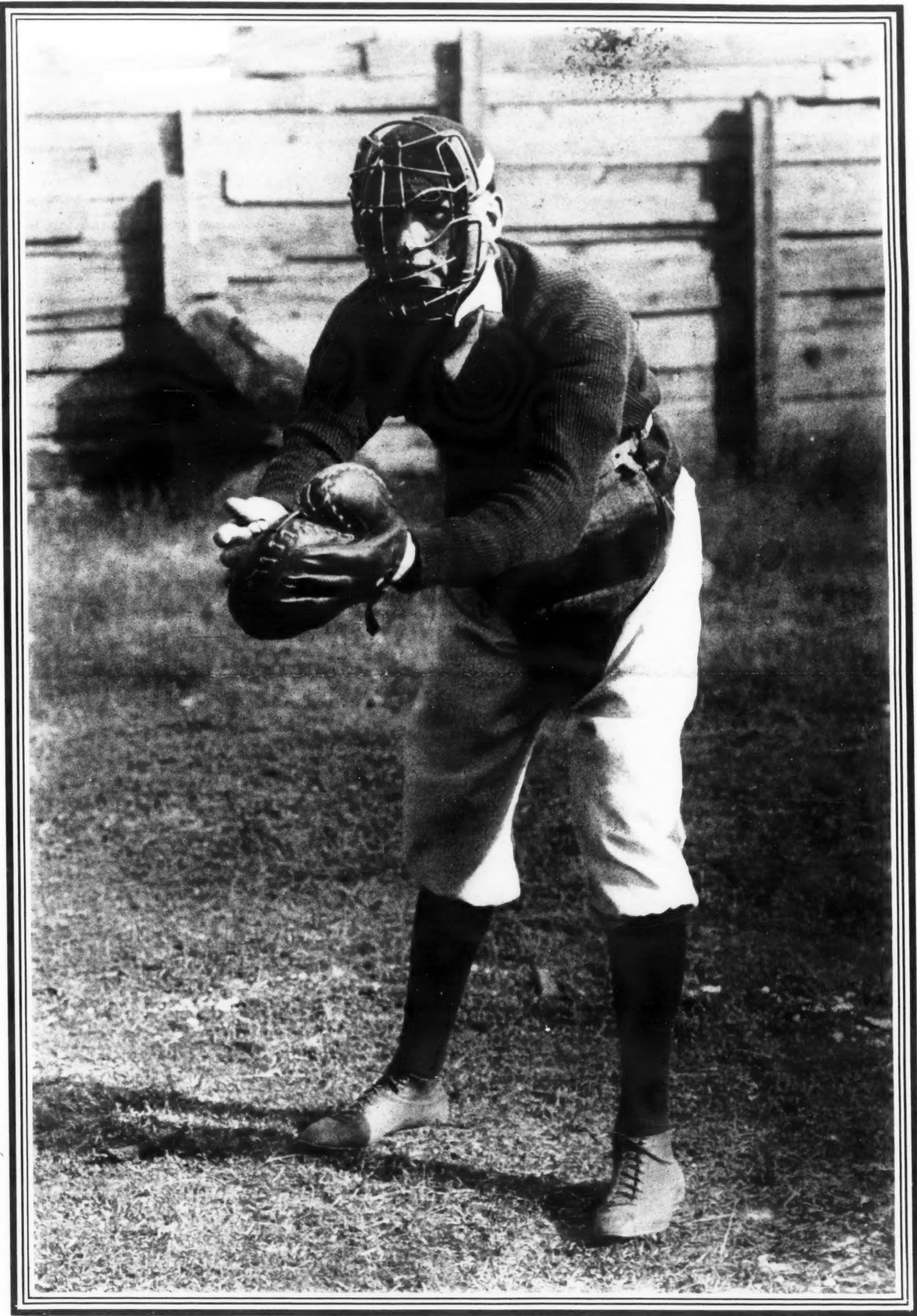


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